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THE WORKS OF

THOMAS MOORE, Esqr

COMPLETE

in six volumes;

Vol V

NEW YORK
Published by G. Smith.
1825

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THE

WORKS

OR

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

VOL. V.

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.—M. P. OR, THE BLUE-STOCKING.—INTERCEPTED LETTERS, &c.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY G. SMITH.

1825.

US

Le Leggi dell Maschera richiedono
mascherata non sia salutata per non
conosce malgrado il suo travestimento

PREFACE.

IN what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. FUDGE's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland under the mild ministry of my Lord C———GH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, THOMAS REYNOLDS, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. FUDGE, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit Mr. BOB FUDGE's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day, with the Dinner,

ot returned when the last sheet wa
ress.

It will not, I hope, be thought pre
us, if I take this opportunity of com
f a very serious injustice I have suffe
he public. Dr. King wrote a tr
rove that Bentley "was not the
is own book," and a similar absu
een asserted of *me*, in almost all the
ormed literary circles. With the na
eal author staring them in the f
ave yet persisted in attributing m
to other people; and the fame of
penny Post-Bag—such as it is—havin
doubtfully over various persons, has a
tled upon the head of a certain litt
man, who wears it, I understand, a
cently as if it actually belonged
without even the honesty of avow
his own favourite author, (he will

dilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, in *propriâ personâ*, that I am—his, or her,

very obedient
and very humble servant,
THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

THE

FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——, OF CLONSKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of the horses are plaiting,
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?
I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn fields and trees quite as dull as at home;
And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you!
In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The Monk;"

To twirl, when the creatures
round them
In short, dear, "a Dandy" c
mean,
And Bob's far the best of the
An improving young man, fo
ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study
Whose names—think, how quic
knows pat,
A la braise, petits pâtés, and—
that
They inflict on potatoes?—oh!
I assure you, dear Dolly, he
well
As if nothing but these all his lif
Though a bit of them Bobby has
yet;
But just knows the names of Fre
cooks,
As dear Pa, knows the titles o

hy, he's writing a book—what? a tale? a romance?
, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in France;
the special desire (he let out t'other day)
his friend and his patron, my Lord C-s-TL-R-GH,
ho said, "My dear FUDGE——" I forget th' exact words,
d, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's; [allow
t 'twas something to say that, as all must
good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
expound to the world the new—thingummie—science,
und out by the—what's its name—Holy A*****ce,
d prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
eir freedom a joke, (which it *is* you know, DOLLY)
'here's none," said his Lordship, "if *I* may be "judge,
Ialf so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!"

e matter's soon settled—Pa flies to *the Row*,
he *first* stage your tourists now usually go)
:tles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
rts post from the door, with his tablets—French phrases—

"SCOTT's Visit," of course—in short ev'ry
thing *he* has
An author can want, except words and ideas :—
And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the
year,
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my
dear!
But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd bet-
ter
Draw fast to a close;—this exceeding long let-
ter
You owe to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*,
Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it
yet.—
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the
party,
Young CONNOR :—they say he's so like
BON****TE,
His nose and his chin,—which Papa rather
dreads,
As the B*****ns, you know are suppressing all
heads
That resemble old Nap's, and who knows but
their honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor
CONNOR's?
Au reste, (as we say) the young lad's well
enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and
stuff;
A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job
(Though of royal descent by the side of
Mamma)

And for charity made private tutor to Bob—
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how lib'ral of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus;
But Bob's *déjeûner's* done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it;
Must now, Doll, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, *there* will be joy,
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame Le Roi!*

* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

length, my Lord, I have the bliss
date to you a line from this
emoraliz'd" metropolis;
ere, by plebeians low and scurvy,
throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy
l Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
tood prostrate" at the people's feet.
ere (still to use your Lordship's tro
e *level* of obedience *slopes*
ward and downward, as the *stream*
hydra faction *kicks the beam!**
here the poor palace changes master
Quicker than a snake its skin,
d ***** is roll'd out on castors,
While *****'s borne on shoulders in
it where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship tra
at 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
The *Ministers* still keep their place

How oft, dear Viscount C———GH,
I've thought of thee upon the way,
As in my *job* (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dickey, (as is fitting
For him who writes a tour, that he
May more of men and manners see,)
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
Like Major SEMPLE, every where!
And marv'lling with what pow'rs of breath
Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sovereign's ears,—and when
All sovereigns else were doz'd, at last
Speech'd down the Sovereign* of Belfast.
Oh! mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;
Mid all the tributes to thy fame, [at—
There's *one* thou should'st be chiefly pleas'd
That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
And C———GH's the thing now sneez'd at!

* The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "*The best cavalry* officer in Europe—the Regent!"

a these gay metaphoric fringes,
ust *embark* into the *feature*
)n which this letter chiefly *hinges*;*
'Book, the Book that is to prove—
d *will*, so help ye Sprites above,
at sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
atching the labours of the FUDGES!
ill prove that all the world, at prese
in a state extremely pleasant:
ıat Europe—thanks to royal swords
And bay'nets, and the Duke comm
ıjoys a peace which, like the Lord's
Passeth all human understanding:
hat F***ce prefers her go-cart ****
To such a coward scamp as *****—
hough round, with each a leading-st
There standeth many a R*y*l cron
or fear the chubby, tottering thing
Should fall, if left there *loney-pone*
'hat England, too, the more her deb
'he more she spends, the richer gets

That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
  Upon the side-board, snug reposes;
While Saxony's as pleas'd as Punch,
  And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
That, as for some few million souls,
Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles,
  And Frenchmen—t'wouldn't make much [odds,
So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,
And ***** eats his *salmi** daily;
So time is left to Emperor SANDY
To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy;
And G——GE the R—G—T (who'd forget
That doughtiest chieftain of the set!)
Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
  For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo [dles!
  Might come and nine times knock their nod-
All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more
Than Quarto ever prov'd before—
In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,
My facts the *Courier* shall supply,
My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
  On BIDDY's back, or BOBBY's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
  Who longs to be a small place-holder)

* Οψα τε, οἱα εδυσι διοτρεφεες βασιληες.
Homer, Odyss. 3.

Is—though *I* say't that shouldn't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—*only* one—
To show its spirit, and I've done.
"*Jul. thirty-first.*—Went, after snack,
"To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
"Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
"And—gave the old Concierge a penny!
"(*Mem.*—Must see *Rheims*, much fam'd, 'tis
"For making Kings and gingerbread.) [said,
"Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
"A little B***bon, buried lately,
"Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
"Though only twenty-four hours old!*
"Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins;
"Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!
"If R**alty, but ag'd a day,
"Can boast such high and puissant sway,
"What impious hand its pow'r would fix,
"Full fledg'd and wigg'd† at fifty-six!"

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.—
So now, with duty to the R—G—T,
I am, dear Lord,
Your most obedient,
P. F.

* So described on the coffin: "très-haute et puissante Princesse, agée d'un jour."

† There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities:—"nonne longè *latèque* Principem ostentant?"

Hotel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.
Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;
But BIDDY said she thought 'twould look
Genteeler thus to date my Book,
And BIDDY's right—besides, it curries
Some favour with our friends at MURRAY'S:
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St. Honoré!*

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ——, ESQ.

OH DICK! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding;
And *this* is the place for it DICKY, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the head quarters of Prog!
Talk of England—her fam'd Magna Charta, I swear is
A humbug, a flam, to the Carte† at old VERY's;
And as for your Juries—*who* would not set o'er 'em
A Jury of Tasters,‡ with woodcocks before 'em?

* See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

† The bill of Fare.—Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

‡ Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at

No Digest of Law's like the L

By the by, DICK, *I* fatten—b
that,
'Tis the mode—your Legitim
fat,
There's the R—G—T, ther
B*N*Y tried too,
But, tho' somewhat imperia
wouldn't do:—
He improv'd, indeed, much in
he wed,
But he ne'er grew right r*y*ll

DICK, DICK, what a place is
stay—
As my raptures may bore you
a Day,
As we pass it, myself and son
got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, w

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne,*
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,
And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream*-ice;
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!†
I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—
For a lad who *goes into the world*, DICK, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of* it.

* The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*: "Pays, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, conquere."—*Duchat.*

† The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce the richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *pâtés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique* :—"On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces oiseaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volailes une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie," etc. p. 206.

draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a n
plause!—
With head bridled up, like a
leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too
feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, whi
Beats the field at a *déjeûner* à la
There, Dick, what a breafast!—
your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your
toast;
But a side-board, you dog, whe
roves about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and t
out
One's *pâté* of larks, just to tune
One's small limbs of chickens, don
One's erudite cutlets, drest all w
Or one's kidnies—imagine, Dic

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler
Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar.—
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then DICK's,
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
(If books had but such, my old Grecian depend on't,
I'd swallow ev'n W—TK—NS', for sake of the end on't;
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet* tipp'd over one's lips!
This repast being ended, and *paid for*—how odd!
(Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so queer in't!)—
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, DICK, the phizzes,
The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1;
A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;

* *Velours en bouteille.*

ather eatable things these g[illegible]
by;)
ıd there an old *demoiselle*, almost as
a silk that has stood since the time o
Fronde.
here goes a French Dandy—ah, DICK u
some ones
'e've seen about WHITE'S—the Moun
are but rum ones;
uch hats!—fit for monkies— I'd back
DRAPER
'o cut neater weather-boards out of l
paper:
And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't di
'em
They'd club for old B—M—L, from Ca
dress 'em!
The collar sticks out from the neck
space.

In short, what with mountebanks, Counts, and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,
Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm a sinner,
The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner;
So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
My day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS'* larder, my boy!
And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear BOB!" I'd not budge—
Not a step, DICK, as sure as my name is
R. FUDGE.

* A celebrated Restaurateur.

"RETURN!"—no, never, while
ing hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless l
While, for the faith of my fathers h
Ev'n in the fields where free those f
I am proscrib'd, and like the spot
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud a
Amidst their mirth, that Slaver
there*—
On all I love, home, parents, frien
The mournful mark of bondage an
No!—let *them* stay, who in the
pangs
See nought but food for factions and
Who yearly kneel before their ma
And hawk their wrongs, as begg
sores
† Still let you * * *
* * * *

Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?---every where the scourge pursues—
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face!
Every where gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few;
While E******, every where—the general foe
Of truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

Oh, E******! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs that well might claim the deadliest one;
Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses on such barbarous sway
Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
Could this content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;

Can court the slave, can swear h
freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy
gain'd
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd an
Worthy associate of that band of K
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose
wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously
And fan her into dreams of promis'd
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain h
If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bli
That Vengeance loves, there's yet m
than this,—
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish he
Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd
art;
That, as the Centaur* gave th' infec
In which he died, to rack his c
breast,
We sent thee C——GH:—as heaps

So hath our land breath'd out—thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
Her worst infections all condens'd in him!

* * * * * * *

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
When reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jahernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken victory with a NERO's mirth;
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?—or, oh! is it in truth,
But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all giv'n up?—and are *they* only right,

The rights, the freedom to whicl
born
Who * * * *
* * * * *
Who, proud to kiss each separate ro
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of
Worship each would-be God, that
moves,
And take the thundering of his
JOVE's!
If *this* be wisdom, then farewell my
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye class
Which fed my soul with currents,
fair,
Of living Truth, that now must
there!—
Instead of themes that touch the
light,
Instead of

elcome * * * * *
* * * * * *
d, 'stead of ARISTIDES—woe the day
ch names should mingle !——welcome
C——GH ?

re break we off, at this unhallowed name,
te priests of old, when words ill omen'd
came.
' next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
oughts that * * * *
* * * * * *
oughts that—could patience hold—'twere
wiser far
leave still hid and burning were they are !

LETTER V.

OM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

HAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad,
naughty girl—
ough, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
t ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
tween all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
t, Lord, such a place! and then DOLLY, my
dresses,
y gowns, so divine!—there's no language
expresses,
:cept just the *two* words, "superbe," "magnifique,"
ıe trimmings of that which I had home last
week!

(BOB'S) cookery language, and M:
Roi's:
What with fillets of roses, and fillets
Things *garni* with lace, and things ;
eel,
One's hair and one's cutlets both *en*
And a thousand more things I shall n
by rote,
I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at l
phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyché* and curls *à*
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out c
Française,
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—hig
poking,
Like things that are put to keep chim
smoking.

Where *shall* I begin—[illegible]

'his *must* be the music," said he, "of the "*spears*,
' For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run "through one !"
says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out
ras the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
at this passion for roaring has come in of late,
ce the rabble all tried for a voice in the State.—
iat a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm !
Vhat a chorus, dear DOLLY, would soon be let loose of it,
when of age, every man in the realm
Iad a voice like old LAÏS,* and choose to make use of it !
—never was known in this riotous sphere
:h a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.
ad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
)f Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
·setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
ınd composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic ! [ça—
t, the dancing—*ah parlez-moi* DOLLY, *de*
sre, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa. [mance !
:h beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of ro-

The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of singers at the French Opera.

you'd swear
When her delicate feet in the da
round,
That her steps are of light, that l
the air,
And she only *par complaisance*
ground.
And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHE d
Her black flowing hair, and by
driven,
Oh! who does not envy those rude
That hold her and hug her, an
from heaven!
Then, the music—so softly it cader
So divinely—oh, DOLLY! between
It's as well for my peace that ther
nigh
To make love to me then—*you've*
can indre

Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY.
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here DANIEL, in pantomime,* bids bold defiance
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance around the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it:—

burned down, in 1781.—A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, "couleur, feu de l'Opéra!"—*Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

* A pièce very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou la Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. "*Scene* 20.—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est une groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'une cercle de rayons brillans, qui anonce la présence de l'Eternel."

But in short, dear, 'twould take m
recite
All the exquisite places we're a
night;
And, besides, ere I finish, I think yo
Just to hear one delightful adventu

Last night, at the Beaujon,† a plac
doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars
From a lighted pavilion, high up in
And rattle you down, DOLL,—y
know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in whic
through
This delightfully dangerous journey,
Some cavalier asks, with humility, w
You'll venture down with

In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old Scratch!*
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,—
That there came up—imagine, dear DOLL, if you can—
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!
Up he came, DOLL to me, and, uncovering his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
"Just for von littel course"—though I scarce understood

* According to Dr. Cotterel, the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

Nor 'twas like heav'n and earth
coming together,—
Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd
And oh! as I gaz'd on the features a
Of the man who for me all
defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a
Of unhappy young lovers, who thu
side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pist
ger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of N
This achiev'd, through the gardens*
ter'd about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "ma
at each cracker,
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear m
out
With the air, I *will* say, of a Prin

Now, hear me, this Stranger—it may be mere
folly—
But *who* do you think we all think it is, DOLLY?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of
Prussia;
Who's here now incog,*—he who, made such
a fuss, you
Remember in London, with BLUCHER and
PLATOFF,
When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's
cravat off!
Pa says he's come hear to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he us'd under
BONEY)
Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him,
he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his
Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face
to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Us'd three times a day with young ladies in
Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such
grief
Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing
its folly push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as BOB says, "like shot through
a holly-bush."

* His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the *Beaujon very frequently*.

grudge,
When they read that Count Rui
away vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon wi
DY FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost cer
For he knows the L*git**ate cu
see
In the way he went poising and
tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balan*

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BR
FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT
Yours of the 12th receiv'd just no

Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and *burrow*-mungering.

As to my Book in 91,
Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd have thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,—
Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought it.
And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better;—
We, proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!
REYNOLDS and I—(you know TOM REYNOLDS—
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—
Lucky the dog that first unkennels
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;
Or who can help to *bag* a few,
When S—D—TH wants a death or two;)
REYONLDS and I, and some few more,
All men, like us, of *information*,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
As *under*-saviours of the nation*—
Have form'd a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation;
Tracing it up to great King MIDAS,
Who, though in fable typified as

* Lord C 's tribute to the character of his friend, Mr Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury
Like us, for being trusty listeners;
And picking up each tale and fragm
For royal MIDAS's green bag mean
"And wherefore," said this best of,
"Should not the R—G—T too have
"To reach as far, as long and wide
"Those of his model, good King M
This speech was thought extremely
And (rare for him) was understood-
Instant we drank "The R—G—T's
With three times three illustrious cl
That made the room resound like
"The R—G—T's Ears, and may he

* This interpretation of the fable of M
seems the most probable of any, and is the
Hoffmann:—Hâc allegoriâ significatum,
pote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere

"From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear
"Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!"*
This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us as merry all as grigs.
In short (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again) we get on gaily;
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little Club increases daily.
CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,
Who don't as yet full salary touch,
Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like TOM and I,
Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*,†
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days,
(For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase)
When, in our new costume adorn'd,—
The R—G—T's buff-and-blue coat's *turn'd*—
We have the honour to give dinners
To the chief Rats in upper stations;‡
Your W——YS, V——NS—half-fledg'd sinners,
Who shame us by their imitations;

* It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.—*Ovid.*

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P——e R—g—t together.

† Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name—as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa.*

‡ This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is *just as it should be*—"verè dulce sodalitium."

Are, after all their twists and bends,
  But souls in Limbo, damn'd half w
No, no,—we nobler vermin are
A *genus*, useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
  Of which our natural histories bra
The rarest must be Rats like us,
Who *let the cat out of the bag*.
Yet still these Tyros in the cause
Deserve I own, no small applause;
And they're by us receiv'd and treat
With all due honours—only seated
In th' inverse scale of their reward,
The merely *promis'd* next my Lord
Small pensions then, and so on, down
  Rat after rat, they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk go
  To Chanc'llorship and Marquisate
This serves to nurse the rattling spiri

Takes every part with perfect ease,
  Though to the Base by nature suited,
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glees,
  And has them both well *executed.*
H——T——D, who, tho' no Rat himself,
  Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
  And superintends the *Corni* parts
While C—NN—G,* who'd be *first* by choice,
Consents to take an *under* voice;
And G———s,† who well that signal knows,
Watches the *Volti Subitos.*‡
In short, as I've already hinted,
  We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat stinted
  For *Gentlemen*, like TOM and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few *Squireens*§ from t'other side;

* This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his resent alliance with Lord C., if upon no other princi-le than that which is inculcated in the following ar-angement between two Ladies of Fashion:

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,
  "It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
"For *your* character's totally lost,
  "And *I* have not sufficient for *two!*"

† The rapidity of this noble Lord's transformation, at e same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an pponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

‡ *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books.

§ The Irish diminutive of *Squire.*

Among the rest, we've heard of one
The Reverend—something—HAMM
Who stuff'd a figure of himself
(Delicious thought!) and had it s
To bring some Papists to the shelf,
That could'nt otherwise be got at
If *he*'ll but join the Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and fr
This somewhat tedious scrawl must
I've gone into this long detail,
Because I saw your nerves were s
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new, *loyal*, course I've tak
But, bless your heart! you need not
We, FUDGES, know what we're abo
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.

I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,
  When feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
  "Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
  So gen'rous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
  The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
  He can learnedly explain ye 'em—
Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
  Your head-ach is a *hemi-cranium*:—
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
  The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begs them to put out their tongues,
  Then bids them—put them in again!
In short, there's nothing now like JACK;—
  Take all your doctors, great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
  Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.
So much for physic—then, in law too,
  Counsellor TIM! to thee we bow;
Not one of us gives more eclat to
  Th' immortal name of FUDGE than thou.
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part,
Till something good and snug should offer;—
  Like one, who, by the way he acts
Th' *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
  The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM!—

Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
  Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
  And leave her not a leg to stand on.—
Thy patent, prime, morality,—
  Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
  To help in trouncing for a libel;—
"God knows, I, from my soul profess
  "To hate all bigots and benighters!
"God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,
"The sacred Freedom of the Press,
  "My only aim's to—crush the writers
These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
  The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh, Tim—if Law be Law—
  Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,—

When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES!

Good bye—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for
Your's sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR to ———.

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.
When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length;—
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right;
Then was indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
And hop'd the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
And all was bright with promise;—Kings began
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
And Man was grateful—Patriots of the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,

[illegible] found the shrine of Peace
look'd on;
Who did not hope the lust of sp
That that rapacious spirit, whic
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft,
And Europe's Rulers, conscious
Would blush, and deviate into ri
But no—the hearts, that nurs'd
Had yet to learn what men o
dare;
Had yet to know, of all earth's ra
The only *quite* untameable are
Scarce had they met when, to it
The instinct of their race broke
Promises, treaties, charters, all
And "Rapine!—rapine!" was t
How quick they carv'd their vic
well
Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa te
Let all the human stock that, da
Was at that Royal slave-mart tru
The million souls that in the face

To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more.
How safe the faith of K**gs let F***ce decide;—
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried,—
Her Press inthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again
With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain—
Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own
He thank'd not F***ce but E*****d for his throne—
Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields,
To tread down every trophy of her fame,
And cures that glory which to them was shame!—
Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
Were dar'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of K**gs;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare

direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the requiring state," etc. Sketch of the military and political Power of Russia. The words on the protocol are *ames, demi-ames*, etc.

**ce would herself have ris'n in
cast
' insulters off—and oh! that then a
ain'd to some distant islet's rocky
*OL**N ne'er had come to force, t
e half matur'd, a cause so proudly
palsy patriot hearts with doubt a
d write on Freedom's flag a despo
rush into the lists, unask'd, alone
nd make the stake of *all* the game
hen would the world have seen a
power
people can put forth in Freedom'
hen would the fire of F***ce
have blaz'd
'or every single sword, reluctant r
the stale cause of an oppressive
Millions would then have leap'd f
own
And never, never had th' unholy s
Of B***b*n feet disgraced her sho

Well might he watch, when deeds were done that made
His own transgressions whiten in their shade;
Well might he hope a world thus trampled o'er
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more:—
Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,
From steeple on to steeple* wing'd its flight,
With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
From which a R*y*l craven just had flown;
And resting there, as in its aerie, furl'd
Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
Was thus broke up in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on G*ll*c earth!
Fierce was the cry and fulminant the ban,—
"Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,
"The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"
"Faithless!"—and this from *you*—from *you*, forsooth,
Ye pious K**gs, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;
Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side;

* "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame."—N**ol**n's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

To sin for ever, and yet ne'er d
The frauds, the lies of Lords le
Are but fine policy, deep stroke
But let some upstart dare to so
In K**gly craft, and "outlaw"
What, though long years of m
Had peopled full your diplomat
With ghosts of treaties, murde
selves;
Though each by turns was kn
what then?
A Holy League would set all st
Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip
In some blessed fountain made as
Most faithful Russia—faithful to
Could plunder best, and give
share;
Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, su
ends,
For want of *foes* to rob, m
friends,†

And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
When foes were stript of all, then fleec'd relations !*
Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd to th' ears
In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head !
Pure Austria too,—whose hist'ry nought repeats
But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats ;
Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows !
And thou, oh England—who, though once as shy
As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C———GH,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way !

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
Th' escape from E**a frighten'd into fits ;—
Such were the saints, who doom'd N*POL**N'S life ;
In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife !
Disgusting crew !—*who* would not gladly fly
To open downright, boldfac'd tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,

* The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

loath
As from their hate, for the
both;
Who even while plund'ring
name
To frank their spoil, and
shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity
Partition leagues, and deeds
But behold—enough—soon
rage
O'erflow the boundaries of
So, here I pause—farewell—
Return we to those Lords o
Whose loathsome cant, who
divine
Deserve a lash—oh! weight

* The usual preamble of thes
In the same spirit, Catherine, af
sacre of Warsaw, ordered a sole
God in all the churches for the ble

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ——, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON'S* mending my stays,—
Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our desert with a bottle,
Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!
Or, as honest TOM said, in his nautical phrase,
"D—n my eyes, BOB, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've *miss'd stays*."†
So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without them,
They're now at the Schneider's‡—and, while he's about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop—
Let us see—In my last I was—where did I stop?
Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer, in the sun:

* An English tailor at Paris.

† A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

‡ The dandy term for a tailor.

or dinner it,
Lunch at a mosque, and see
minaret.
Then, DICK, the mixture of bc
ers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres*
Green-grocers, green garden
knows whether
'Tis country or town, they'r
together!
And there, if one loves the ro
Jew clothes-men, like shephe
der trees;
Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, ju
barber's,
Enjoying their news and *gr*
arbours,
While gaily their wigs, like t
curling,

* "Lemonade and *eau-de-grosei*

And founts of red currant-juice* round them
are purling.
Here, DICK, arm in arm as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the
way,—
For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've
wasted our wealth
And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves
into a phthisic,
To cram down their throats an old K**g for
their health,
As we whip little children to make them take
physic;—
Yet, spite of our good-natured money and
slaughter,
They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy water!
But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they
nourish us
Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—
Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,
May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés?*
And, truly, I always declared 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice feeding
city:
Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to old Nick—and the *people*,
I own,
If for no other cause than their curst monkey
looks, [their Cooks!
Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it,

* These gay, portable fountains, from which the groseille water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

What a void in the world would
behind!
Their chronometer spits—their
manders—
Their ovens—their pots, that c
ganders,
All vanish'd for ever—their mira
And the *Marmite Perpétuelle**
more!
Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Alli
Take whatever ye fancy—take
money—
But leave them, oh leave them th
pies,
Their glorious goose-livers, an
tunny!†
Though many, I own, are the
brought us,

* "Cette merveilleuse Marmite Pe
feu depuis près d'un siècle; qui a donn
de 300,000 chapons."—Alman. des G

Though R**al*y's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?*
You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "Goddem,"
"Coquin Anglais," et cæt'ra—how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
Which will take us all night to get through in this way)
From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street,
Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;—
Here, a L***s D*xh**t—*there*, a Martinmas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use)—
Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—
St. TONY, who us'd all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;

* The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière—"On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

While St. Dennys hangs outo'
of *ton*,
And possessing, good bishop,
own,†
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, wh
to none!
Then we stare into shops—read
affiches—
Or, if some, who're Lotharios in
wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (
trick,
As it takes off the bloom of
Dick,)
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye
noramas‡
We quicken our pace, and ther
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever
One out of one's appetite, down

* Veronica, the Saint of the Holy

We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do *one* day,
The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hollandais,*
That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc-tt,
His deligtful productions so quick, hot and hot;
Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows!—
Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how one swallows!—

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack or
Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes, [use
Where we find a few twirls in the car of much
To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
Who've laps'd into snacks—the perdition of dinners. [queries,
And here, Dick—in answer to one of your
About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion—
I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,
And think for *digestion*,† there's none like the Russian.

* In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *moëlleux* of his Gauffres.

† Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon, or French Mountains, and calls them "une

stew'd lampreys,*
So wholesome these Mounts, such a so
found them,
That, let me but rattle the Monarch w
them,
The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far a
And the regicide lampreys† be foil'd
prey!
Such, DICK, are the classical sports t
tent us,

médecine aérienne, couleur de rose;" bu
prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems,
following note found in his own hand-writing
studied all these mountains very carefully:

Memoranda.—The Swiss little notice dese
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weal
And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may writ
question)
The turn at the Beauion's too sharp for

Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,
That epoch—but woa! my lad—here comes the Schneider,
And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider—
Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Guy!
But, no matter,—'twill all be set right by-and-by—
As we've MASSINOT'S* eloquent *carte* to eat still up,
An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.

So—not to lose time, DICK—here goes for the task;
Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,
That my life, like "the Leap of the German,"† may be,
"Du lit à la table, de la table au lit!"

R. F.

* A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont.

† An old French saying;—"Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table, et de la table au lit."

... instructions,
"I shall in all my best obe
Your Lordship talks and wi
And—whatsoe'er some wag
Oh! not at *all* incompreher
I feel th' inquiries in your le
About my health and Fren
Thank ye, my French, thou
ter,
Is, on the whole, but weak
Nothing, of course, that can
With his who made the Cong
(A certain Lord we need not
Who, ev'n in French, woul
And talk of "*bâtir* un systême
"Sur *l'équilibre* de l'Europ
Sweet metaphor!—and then t
Which bid the Saxon King go
That tender letter to "Mon P
Which show'd alike thy Frenc
Oh no, my Lord—there's none
Or say un-English ...

And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
  Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
  What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!
But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,
  At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
Fall'n Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD's grammar—
Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
How far a little French will go;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
  On some half-dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—à-bas—ah ah!
  They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
  I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few lac'd caps
  For Lady C.) delight me greatly.
Her flattering speech—"what pretty things
  One finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages!
Is praise which (as some poet sings)
  Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend;
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approv'd of than my last MS.—
The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,
As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them;

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal to Lord C.

Went to the Mad-house—saw the r
Who thinks, poor wretch, that,
Fiend
Of Discord here full riot ran,
He, like the rest, was guillotin'd ;
But that when, under Boney's reig
(A more discreet, though quite
one)
The heads were all restor'd again,
He in the scramble got a *wrong*
Accordingly he still cries out
This strange head fits him m
santly;
And always runs, poor dev'l, abou
Inquiring for his own incessantl
While to his case a tear I dropt,
And saunter'd home, thought I—
How many heads might thus be sv

For instance, there's V—s—tt—t's head—
("Tam *carum*"* it may well be said)
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's† shoulders,
Th' effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:
Except that while, in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—dm—e, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old Lady Wilhelmina Frump's—
So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
The head might lisp out "What is trumps!"—
The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;
And, *vice versâ*, take the pains
To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so!
'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And, even at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snor'd,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit *myself*.

* Tam cari capitis.—*Horat.*

† A celebrated pickpocket.

And slept, and dreamt [illegible]

Aug.

Walk'd out with daughter Bid—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same*
N*P*L**N sat on—what a shame!
Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers!
When L***s seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they used to be?
However,—God preserve the Throne,
And *cushion* too—and keep them free
From accidents, which *have* been known
To happen ev'n to Royalty!†

Aug

Read, at a stall, (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,

* The only change, if I recollect right, is th
stitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the b
of course, universal; "exitium misêre apibus,

That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly.
'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
  A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter;
And once in every year, at least,
  He's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter:*
Then, if a pound or two he be
Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee! †
Suppose, my Lord,—and far from me
To treat such things with levity,—
But just suppose the R—G—T's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;
And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—
  'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
  *We were to try how heavy *he* is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
  That, while the Nations Revenue

* "The third day of the feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care."—*F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, etc.*

† "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of Heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a *Prince* a joulter head is invaluable."—*Oriental Field Sports.*

We should throw in much *heavier* thing
or instance ———'s quarto volumes, [th
Which, though not spices, serve to
ominie ST—DD—T's Daily columns,
"Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd
them—
etters, that C—RTW—T's pen indites,
In which with logical confusion,
he *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
And never comes to a *Conclusion*:—
ord S—M—RS' pamphlet—or his head—
Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!
Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
The Speeches of Sir JOHN C—X H—PP—
That Baronet of many words,
Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes
That you may always know him by
A patch of powder on his nose!—
If this won't do, we in must cram

Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,
  Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame—
  If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS
  About those famous spies at Rome,*
Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
Describe as resembling us,†
  Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
To say Lord S—DM—TH'S like TIBERIUS!
What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—
'Tis true the Tyrant lent an ear to
All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.
'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in purj'ry—*ditto* TIB'S.
'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice‡—*ditto* SID.

* The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome, (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo;—"qui forman vitæ iniit, quam postea celebrem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt."—Tacit. Annal. 1. 74.

† They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents:—"*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) libidinum et necessitatum, *quo pluribus indiciis inligaret.*

‡ "Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit *quem odium publicum tutiorem faciebat*, Nam ut quis districtior ac-

'Twixt Tib. and Sid. goes vastly
But there are points in Tib. that
My humble mind as much more li
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him
Of th' India Board—that soul of w
Like him, Tiberius lov'd his joke
On matters too, where few can
E. g. a man, cut up, or broke
Upon the wheel—a devilish fair
Your common fractures, wounds, a
Are nothing to such wholesale wit
But, let the suff'rer gasp for life,
The joke is then worth any mone
And, if he writhe beneath a knife,-
Oh dear, that's something *quite* t
In this respect, my Lord you see
The Roman wag and ours agree:

cusator *velut sacrosanctus erat.*" Annal
—Or, as it is trans'ated by Mr. Fudge's fri
—"This daring accuser had the *curses* c
and the *protection* of the *Emperor*. *Infor*

Now as to *your* resemblance—mum—
  This parallel we need not follow;*
Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow;
Whips, chains—but these are things too serious
For me to mention or discuss;
Where'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
  PHIL. FUDGE's part is *Tacitus!*

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
Up any decent kind of Plot
Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;
All done up, and *spiflicated!*
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—TL—GH to CASTLES,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!

What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever;
  But even *that* brought gibes and mockings
Upon our heads—so, *mem.*—must never
  Keep ammunition in old stockings;
For fear some wag should in his curst head
Take it to say our force was *worsted.*
Mem. too—when SID. an army raises,
It must not be "incog." like *Bayes's:*
Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of Cobbling;

* There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned—"*suspensa semper* et obscura verba."

Go take the Tower, for fear of pos
With (what these wags would call, so
Physical force and *phial*-ence!
No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contriv'd more skilfully.
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
'Tis monstrous hard to *take him in*.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pa
Till all this matter's fairly settled;
And here's the mode occurs to *me*:—
As none of our Nobility
(Though for their *own* most gracious I
They would kiss hands, or—any thing
Can be persuaded to go through
This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou*;
And as these Mandarins won't bend

The "volto sciolto"* 's meritorious,
Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious!
A *title* for him 's easily made;
And, by the by, one Christmas time,
If I remember right, he play'd
Lord MORLEY in some pantomime;†
As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette him,
If *t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.
(And why should not the world be blest
With *two* such stars, for East and West?)
Then, when before the Yellow Screen
He's brought—and, sure the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene
Of JOE in the Celestial Presence!
He thus should say: "Duke Ho and Soo,
"I'll play what tricks you please for you,
"If you'll, in turn, but do for me
"A few small tricks you now shall see.
"If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
"At least you'll do the same for *my* King."
He then should give them nine such grins,
As would astound ev'n Mandarins;
And throw such somersets before [him!)
The picture of King GEORGE (God bless

* The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

† Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of "Lord Morley" in the pantomime,—so much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H–rr–s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span-new title, will, I trust, some time or other, *be given to the world.*

and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from
then!
What a frisky old girl! but—t
lover,
Who, though not a King,
swear,—
You shall hear all that's happe
run over,
Since that happy night, whe
through the air!
Let me see—'twas on Saturday
yes—
From that evening I date the fi
bliss;
When we both rattled off in
carriage,
Whose journey, Bob says, is sc
Marriage,
"Beginning gay, desperate, d
hilly,
"And ending as dull as a six-i

With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet
I set out with Papa, to see L**** D******,
Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le* ****—
And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
And Daphnes and vases, and many a statue
There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at you?
The ponds, too, we view'd—stood a while on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes— [think,
"*Live bullion*," says merciless BOB, "which I
"Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!"

But *what* DOLLY, what, is the gay orange-grove, [love?
Or gold fishes to her that's in search of her
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sate there!
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,

'Twas dark, when we got to the Bou
to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'mong the str
caronis,
When, sudden it struck me—last hop
soul—
That some angel might take the d
to TORTONIS ?*
We enter'd—and, scarcely had BOB,
air,
For a *grappe à la jardinière* call'
waiters,
When, Oh DOLL! I saw him—my h
there,
(For I knew his white small-cloth
brown leather gaiters)
A groupe of fair statues from Greece s
o'er him,†

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,
As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er ic'd currant water!
He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstacy—
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
BOB wish'd to treat him with punch *à la glace*
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,
And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
Were, to *him*, "on de top of all Ponch in de vorld,"
How pretty!—though oft (as, of course it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL, to me.
But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,
That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
We all would set off in French buggies together,
To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Saw us safe home to our door in *R*
Where his *last* words, as, at parting
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were
you do!"*

But, lord,—there's Papa for the pc
vext—
Montmorency must now, love, be k
next.
That dear Sunday night!—I was c
drest,
And—*so* providential!—was looking
Such a sweet muslin gown, with a
and my frills,
You've no notion how rich—(thoug
by the bills)
And you'd smile had you seen, wh
rather near,
Colonel

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—
Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?
P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now *do*, DOLLY, pray,
For I hate to ask BOB, he's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELIM CONNER TO ———.

YES—'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on N*P*L**N's single brow;
Such the sublime arbitrement, that poured,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!

Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he, who fled before your Chieftain's eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,*

* See Lib. Ælian, 5. cap. 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, al-

--- Europe's Kings, that
But (like those upper Sta
join'd,
Shed war and pestilence) t
Gather'd around, with host
Hating N*P*L**N much, bu
And, in that coming strife,
The world yet left one chan
No, 'twas not then the time
Of bondage round your Chie
Your veteran war-horse, pa
When every hope was in his
To waste the hour of action
And coolly plan how Freedo
shoot
When your Invader's axe wa
No, sacred Liberty! that G
Thy light around, like his ow
How well I love thee, and h

That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits—
A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates! [please—
True, he was false—despotic—all you
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—
Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,
But rais'd the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky—
To dash them down again more shatteringly!
All* this I own—but still * * *
* * * * * * * * *

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

At last, Dolly,—thanks to a potent emetic,
Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses*—

* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the *public.*

If that elegant cornet she met at L
VILLE'S
Was actually dying with love or—blu
But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme
With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I hav
to do—
Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALIC
Any imps of that colour in *certain* b
Which he stares at till *I*, DOLL, at
same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and wo
exclaim
If I knew but the French for it, "
for shame!"
Well, the morning was lovely—the t
dress
For the happy occasion—the sunshin
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best
[illegible] furnish'd more

And the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the boughs,
As if *each* a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse:
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose;*
And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency!
There was but *one* drawback—at first when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so.*
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY'S—
Serv'd with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were cronies—
So martial his features! dear DOLL, you can trace
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,*
Which the poor DUC DE B—RI must hate so to pass!
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—

* The column in the Place Vendôme.

— such a mistake as no
on—
Fancied the *present* Lord C—
one!
But politics ne'er were th
trade;
'Twas for war and the ladies
made.
And, oh, had you heard, as tog
Thro' that beautiful forest, l
talk'd;
And how perfectly well he app
All the life and adventures of
ROUSSEAU!—
"'Twas there," said he—not
can state—
'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupi
But "there," said he (pointin
and remote,

"And—oh, what will genius and fancy not
"do?—
"Tied the leaves up together with *nompareille*
"blue!"
What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions [here!
From sand and blue ribbons are conjur'd up
Alas, that a man of such exquisite* notions
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

"'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel CALICOT said—
As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle)†
"'Twas here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPI-
"NAY,
"(Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*,‡ every
"day,)

* This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet:—

"I'd fain praise your poem—but tell me, how is it,
When *I* cry out "Exquisite," *Echo* cries "*quiz it?*"

† The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

‡ *Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle——et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrezvous pas aussi?"——etc. etc.

The manner (one's train of ideas, how
Led us to talk about other commoditi
Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall
For the sun was then hast'ning in po
set,
And full on the Colonel's dark whiske
down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—w
my gown?
The question confus'd me—for, Do
must know,
And I *ought* to have told my best frie
ago,
That, by Pa's strict command, I no lon
ploy†
That enchanting *couturière*, Madame I

* "Un jour, qu'il gelait très-fort, en ouvra
quet qu'elle m'envoyait, je trouvai un petit

But am forc'd, dear, to have VICTORINE, who
—deuce take her!—
It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—
I mean *of his party*—and, though much the smartest,
LE ROI is condemn'd as a rank B*n*pa*t*st.*

Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd—so well knowing
The Colonel's opinions—my cheeks were quite glowing;
I stammer'd out something—nay, even half nam'd
The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,
"Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
"It was made by that B**rb*n*te b——h, VIC-
"TORINE!"
What a word for a hero! but heroes *will* err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners in-trench,
I assure you 'tis not half so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that [day,

* Le Roi, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, Victorine.

And what Bob calls the "Proper
"the Eyes—"
Ah Doll! though I *know* you've
in vain
To a heart so unpractis'd these t
plain.
They can only be felt, in their fulr
By her who has wander'd, at evenir
Through a valley like that, with a
mine!
But here I must finish—for Bo
Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always m
Is seiz'd with a fancy for church
tions,
And, full of all yesterday's rich re
Is just setting off for Montmartre
is,"
Said he, looking solemn "the
Verys!*
"Long, long have I wish'd, as a v

"And, to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue
"For the *flesh* of the VERYS, I'll visit their *bones*!"

He insists upon *my* going with him—how teazing?
This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie
Unseal'd in my draw'r, that if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—good bye:

B. F.

Four o' Clock.

Oh DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother BOB so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so.)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—

my love,—
(The most beautiful things—two Na
the price—
And one's name in the corner embroid
nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure I ente
shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I th
should drop—
There he stood, my dear DOLLY—no r
a doubt—
There, behind the vile counter, the
saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric, bef
roll'd out,
And that horrid yard-measure uprais
hand!
Oh—Papa, all along, knew the sec
clear—
'Twas *a shopman* he meant by a "E
burgh," dear!

My head swam around—the wretch smil'd, I
believe,
But his smiling, alas, could no longer de-
ceive—
I fell back on BOB—my whole heart seem'd to
wither—
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back
hither!
I only remember that BOB, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said—"Curse the
"Kiddy!
"A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought
"him,
"But now I find out he's a *Counter* one,
"BIDDY!

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be
known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!
What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for
ever!
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have
with the men!
It will spread through the country—and never,
oh, never
Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell—I shall do something desp'rate, I
fear—
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
One tear of compassion my DOLL will not
grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,
BIDDY FUDGE.

nor's box!

NOTES.

Oh, this learning, what a thing it is.

SHAKSPEARE.

NOTES.

Page 21.

So Ferdinand embroiders gaily.

It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-currying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P——e R——t!

Page 26.

Your curst tea and toast.

Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism?* Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian. Falster. Amœnitat. Philolog.*—"Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad herbâ The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet*—or the Epigraphe which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb—or the Anacreontics of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, Θεαν, Θεαιναν.

Διδοι το νεκταρ Ηβυ.
Σε μοι διακονοιντο
Εκυφοις εν μυρρινοισι,
Τω καλλει πρεπυσαι
Καλαις χερεσσι κυραι.

Which may be thus translated.

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
High in heav'n her Nectar hold,
And to Jove's immortal throng
Pour the tide in cups of gold.
I'll not envy heaven's Princes,
While, with snowy hands for me,
Kate the China tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea!

Page 35.

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd

The late Lord C. of Ireland had a curic
about names; he held that every man

The Romans called a thief "homo trium literarum."

> Tun' trium literarum homo
> Me vituperas? Fur.*
>
> Plautus, Aulular. Act. 2. Scene 4.

Page 39.

The Testament, turn'd into melodrames nightly.

"The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la Gaîté every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea."

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by Mr. Schwartz."

Page 40.—Note.

No one can suspect Boileau of a sneer at his royal master, but the following lines, intended for praise, look very like one. Describing the celebrated passage of the Rhine, during which Louis remained on the safe side of the river, he says,

> Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
> Se plaint de *sa grandeur*, qui *l'attache au rivage!*
>
> Ept. 4.

Page 49.

Turns from his victims to his glees
And has them both well executed.

How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

* *Dissaldeus* suppposes this word to be a *glossema*:—that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text.

popinæ,"* I am indebted to a friend in university, whose reading formerly lay i line; but, in consequence of the Provost's alarm at such studies, he has taken to the *re cibariâ*" instead; and has left *Bodin Agrippa*, and his little dog, *Filiolus*, *Nonius*, and that most learned and sa *Bulengerus*.

Page 67.—Note.

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have b favourite dish with Kings—whether fro geniality between them and that fish, I k *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened with human blood. St. Louis of Franc larly fond of them. See the anecdote of nas eating up his majesty's lamprey, i *Rabelais*, liv. 3. chap. 2.

Page 85.

"*Live bullion*," *says merciless Bob*, "
"*Would, if* coin'd *with a little* n
delicious!"

Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his

equally ingenious: "In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit *condimentum*, quo *sapiant* aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum."—*de Civitat. Dei. Lib.* 16. *cap.* 30.—The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius*, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun.

Plus *juscella* Coci quam mea *jura* valer.

See his poems, *Corpus Pœtar. Latin.* Tom. 2. p. 1732.—Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him—"summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi *sola* places.

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen* erudition, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* Lib. 2. cap. 2.

Page 87.

About singing and cookery, Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force.

Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a *Bacon;* (see his *Natural History, Receipts, etc.*) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of *Mr. Dugald Stewart*—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create." *Philosophical Essays.*

The following occasional pieces have already appeared in my friend Mr. PERRY's paper, and are here, "by desire of several persons of distinction," reprinted.

T. B.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. P-RC-V-L.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,
And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
Had known what he was—and, content to be *good*,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;

—

To the Editor of the Morning (

SIR,

In order to explain the following
it is necessary to refer your read
florid description of the Pavilion
in the apartments of which, we are
The Chinese Bird of Royalty," is
ornament.

I am, Sir, you

FUM AND HUM.

THE TWO BIRDS OF ROY

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Roya
Thus accosted our own bird of Roy

(The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation)
Both, full-craw'd Legitimates—both, birds of prey,
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord C—STL—GH;
While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,
Peers, Bishops and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did light on
The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome
Were so like what he left, "Gad," says FUM, "I'm at home."—
And when, turning, he saw Bishop L———GE, "Zooks, it is."
Quoth the Bird, "yes—I know him—a Bonze, "by his phiz--
"And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
"Can be none but our round-about godhead, "fat Fo!"
It chanc'd, at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig
Was imploring the P——E to dispense with his wig,*

* In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a *Bishopric* by his R——l H——ss.

That, while Fum cried "oh Fo!"
cried "oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression—the
feather
Thus talk'd t'other night on St
gether
(The P——e just in bed, or ab
for't,
His legs full of gout, and his arm
"I say, Hum," says Fum—Fu
spoke Chinese,
But, bless you, that's nothing—at
sees
Foreign lingoes and Bishops *tr*
ease—
"I say, Hum, how fares it w
now?

C—STL—GH (whom FUM calls the *Confusius* of Prose)
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose
To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's nose!

(*Nota Bene*—his Lordship and L—V—RP—L come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother HUM,
C—STL——GH a HUM-bug—L—V—RP—L HUM-drum.)
The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd C—STL—GH,
Saddled HUM in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away!
Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby, [lobby.
Ne'er paus'd, till he lighted in St. Stephen's

* * * * * * *

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N.

Principibus placuisse viris.—*Horat.*

YES, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:—

Like the ghost of ...
at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to
hollow,
And spirits so mean in the g
born;
To think what a long line of ti
The relics of him who died-
lorn!

How proud they can press to t
Of one, whom they shunn'd
and sorrow:—
How bailiffs may seize his last
Whose pall shall be held u
morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life,
dream,
Incoherent and gross, ev
pass'd

No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Tho' this would make Europe's whole
opulence mine;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that
thou hast—
All mean as it is—must have consciously
burn'd,
When the pittance which shame had wrung
from thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was
return'd!*

"Was *this* then the fate!"—future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's
curse; [a day
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as
worse;—

"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
"The pride of the palace, the bower, and the
"hall,
"The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who ran
"Through each mode of the lyre, and was
"master of all!

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded
"with art
"From the finest and best of all other men's
"powers;—

* The sum was two hundred pounds—*offered* when Sh-r-d-n could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, *for him, by* his friends.

" Whose humour, as gay as the
" Play'd round every subjec
" it play'd ;—
" Whose wit, in the combat, as
" Ne'er carried a heart-sta
" blade ;—

" Whose eloquence—bright'ni
" tried,
" Whether reason or fancy,
" Was as rapid, as deep, and a
" As ever bore Freedom alo

Yes—such was the man, and
fate ;—
And thus, sooner or later,
grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew
the Great,
And expect 'twill return to
eve !

Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee
to die!

EPISTLE

FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN,

*Concerning some foul play in a late transaction.**

"Ahi mio Ben!"—*Metastasio.*†

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is *this* the new *go?*—kick a man when he's
down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on
him then—
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the fancy
exclaim—
CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—BELCHER spits
flame—
And MOLYNEUX—ay, even BLACKY cries
"shame!"
Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference
spied [side;
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his

* Written soon after B*n*pa*te's transportation to St. H*****.

† Tom, I suppose, was "assisted to this Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going."

But this comes, [illegible]
foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbob
and lotions,
Your Noyaus, Curaçoas, and the I
what—
(One swig of *Blue Ruin** is wortl
lot!)
Your great and small *crosses*—(my
a brood!
A cross-buttock from *me* would do
good!)
Which have spoilt you, till hardl
old porpoise,
Of pure English *claret* is left in y
And (as JIM says) the only one t
bad,
Of the fancy you're up to, is *fibb*
Hence it comes,—BOXIANA, di
page!—
Having floor'd, by good luck, th

Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd** him to
Botany!
Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger*† you, who, alas!
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in
brass,
On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay
in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the
stakes,
Look down upon BEN—see him, *dunghill* all
o'er,
Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no
more;
Out, cowardly *spooney!*—again and again,
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee BEN.
To *show the white feather* is many men's doom,
But, what of *one* feather?—BEN shows a *whole
plume*.

* Transported.

† A Life Guardsman, one of *the Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo.

M. P.

OR

THE BLUE STOCKING,

A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.

PREFACE.

When I gave this piece to the Theatre, I had not the least intention of publishing it; because, however I may have hoped that it would be tolerated upon the stage, among those light summer productions which are laughed at for a season and forgotten, I was conscious how ill such fugitive trifles can bear to be imbodied into a literary form by publication. Among the motives which have influenced me to alter this purpose, the strongest, perhaps, is the pleasure I have felt in presenting the Copyright of the Dialogue to Mr. Power, as some little acknowledgment of the liberality which he has shown in the purchase of the Music. The Opera, altogether, has had a much better fate than I expected; and it would, perhaps, have been less successful in amusing the audience, if I had "*songé sérieusement à les faire rire.*" But, that the humble opinion which I express of its merits has not been adopted in complaisance to any of my critics, will appear by the following extract from a letter which I addressed to the Licencer, for the purpose of prevailing upon him to restore certain passages, which he had thought proper

"you than I am at present. Under
"case, the '*una litura*' would be
I cannot advert to my correspondent
Gentleman, without thanking him
liteness and forbearance with which
ed to my remonstrances; though I
will not quite coincide with those
who have had the sagacity to disc
toms of political servility* in the di

Among the many wants which
enced in these times, the want of
number of Critics will not, I think
plained of by the most querulous.
state of an Author now resembles
that of the poor Laplander in winte
hardly time to light his little candle i
ness, before myriads of insects swar
extinguish it. In the present inst
ever, I have no reason to be ang

* This extraordinary charge was, I bel
upon the passage which alludes to the R

censurers; for, upon weighing their strictures on this dramatic bagatelle, against the praises with which they have honoured my writings in general, I find the balance so flatteringly in my favour, that gratitude is the only sentiment which even the severest* have awakened in me.

To Mr. ARNOLD, the Proprietor of the English Opera, I am indebted for many kindnesses and attentions; and though we have differed so materially in our opinions of this Piece, those, who know the side which he has taken in the dispute, will easily believe that it has not *very* much imbittered my feelings towards him.

The Music, which I have ventured to compose for the Opera, owes whatever little dramatic effect it may possess to the skilful suggestions and arrangements of Mr. HORN; and I only fear that the delicacy, with which he has refrained from altering the Melodies, or even the Harmonies which I attempted, may have led him into sanctioning many ungraceful errors in both, which his better taste and judgment would have rejected.

To the Performers I am grateful for more than mere professional exertions; there was a kind zeal among them, a cordial anxiety for

* See the very elaborate Criticisms in *The Times*, of Tuesday, Sept. 10; and in *The Examiner*, of Sunday, Sept. 15.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Charles Canvas . .	Mr. Oxberry.
Captain Canvas	Mr. Horn.
Henry de Rosier . . .	Mr. Philipps.
Mr. Hartington	Mr. Raymond.
Leatherhead	Mr. Lovegrove.
Davy	Mr. Knight.
La Fosse	Mr. Wewitzer.
Lady Bab Blue	Mrs. Sparks.
Madame de Rosier . .	Mrs. Hamilton.
Miss Selwyn	Mrs. Mountain.
Miss Hartington . . .	Miss Kelly.
Susan	Mrs. Bland.

Peasants, etc. etc.

M. P.

OR

THE BLUE-STOCKING

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Beach—Boats coming Land.*

BOAT-GLEE.

THE song that lightens the languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound thro' life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along thro' waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him, who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in ev'ry breeze,
And a picture in ev'ry wave
Then sing, to lighten the languid way;—
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound thro' life we stray.

Sir Charles Canvas, Lady Bab Blue, Miss Hartington, Miss Selwyn, and Davy, land from the Boat.

Lady B. What a charming clear morning! I protest we might almost see the coast of France.—Run, Davy, and fetch my telescope.

Davy. I wool, my Lady.

[*Exit Davy to the Boat.*

Sir Charles. Ay, do, Davy—the French coast is a favourite view of mine.

Miss Selwyn. I thought, Sir Charles, your views lay nearer home.

Sir C. Hem—a hit at me for staying at home, while my brother is abroad fighting the enemy. (*aside.*) Why, really, Madam, if all the brains of the country were to be exported through the Admiralty and the War-Office, you would have none left for home consumption.—No—no—a few of *us* must stick to Old England, or her politics and fashions would be entirely neglected, and the devil would get among the ministers and the tailors.

Miss Hartington. You suppose then, Sir Charles, that our politics and our fashions may be safely intrusted to the same hands.

Sir C. Certainly, Madam—there is nothing like *us* for *leading* either the *ton* or the *Opposition*—for *turning out* either an *equipage* or an *Administration;* and equally knowing on the *turf* and the *hustings*, if a favourite horse *breaks down*, or a new patriot *bolts*, we *can start* you fresh ones at the shortest notice.

Miss S. Your brother, however, seems to think, Sir Charles, that on the quarter-deck of a British man of war, he may make himself at least *as* useful to his country as if he passed all his time between a barouche-box and the Treasury Bench.

Sir C. That plaguy brother of mine is never out of her head (*aside.*) Why, as to my brother—Miss Selwyn—my brother—in short, Madam, if my brother had not been in such a hurry to come into the world, but had waited decently like me till his mother was married, he would not only have saved the family some blushes, but would have possessed, of course, the title, the fortune, and all those cogent little reasons which I now have for keeping this head of mine out of gun-shot, and employing it *in the home department* at your service.

Miss S. His want of feeling upon this misfortune of his family is quite odious. We must not stay to listen to him (*to Miss Hartington.*) Believe me, Sir Charles, you mistake the mode of recommending yourself, if you think to amuse by this display of levity upon a subject in which a parent's honour and a brother's interest are so very deeply and delicately concerned. The rude hand of the world will be ready enough to lift the veil, without requiring *your* aid in the exposure. [*Exeunt Miss Hart. and Miss Selwyn.*

Sir C. Ay—this now comes of talking facetiously upon grave subjects.—'Tis the way in *the House*, tho', always—Adam Smith and Joe

Lady B. Well positively—t
miraculous telescope—There—
again.

Sir C. May I ask what your
found out?

Lady B. Something black
Charles, that is moving on the
which my fond fancy persuades m
of the great French chemists.—
he goes again, the dear man!—
be his face, and the red his nig
wonderful discoveries he may
this moment!

Sir C. Not more wonderful
making yourself, I think, old la

Lady B. Come here, Davy
you can observe—*Your* eyes ha
in the cause of science, like mi

Davy. Why, noa,—not mu
sometimes, of an evening, I ca
much as other folk. Like

Davy. (*Looking through the glass*) What colour did you say a chemist was, my Lady?

Lady B. (*smiling.*) Why, rather of the dingy than otherwise—the dark, sober, tinge of the laboratory. As my friend Dr. O'Jargon often says to me—'Your ignorant people, Madam, have an objection to *dirt*—but *I* know what it is *composed of*, and am perfectly reconciled to it.' And so he is, good man! he bears it like a philosopher.

Davy. By gum? I see it now, sailing away to windward like smoke.

Lady B. Sailing! you blockhead!

Davy. Ees—and if you had not tould me 'twas a chemist, I could have sworn 'twas a great collier from Newcastle.

Lady B. Ha! plenty of *the carbonic*, however!—But, pray, Sir Charles, what has become of my niece and Miss Hartington?

Sir C. Just *pair'd off*, Madam, as we say at St. Stephen's, and left me in silent admiration of the ease with which your Ladyship's vision can travel to the coast of France, while the eyes of this unlettered rustic can reach no farther than the middle of the Channel.

Davy. Well—come—to be half seas over is quite enough for any moderate man.

Lady B. Hold your familiar tongue, and follow me—Sir Charles, shall we try, and find the young ladies?

Sir C. With all my heart—though, I assure your Ladyship, the humour in which Miss Selwyn *adjourned the debate* made me rather fear *that I was put off till this day six months.*

the telescope safely after me.

[*Exuent Sir C*

Davy. I wool, my Lady, (*loo*
What a comical thing your *larr*
here am I, as a body may say, in
on't. Nothing but knowledge, g
not, from morning till night, a
somehow, none of it sticks to m
be so in other concarns—No
'house for instance, I think I c
among the liquors all day, w
them finding their way into n
here's this larning—thof I be
accomplice in it by my lady, I
of it all as the Parson of our p

SONG.—*Davy.*

Says Sammy, the tailor, to me,
As he sat with his spindles cr
''Tis bekase I'm a poet, you se
'That I kiver my head with g

There's Dick, who sold wine in the lane,
And old Dickey himself did not tope ill;
But politics turned his brain,
And a place he call'd Constantinople.
He never could sit down to dine,
But he thought of poor *Turkey*, he said, Sir;
And swore, while he tippled his wine,
That the *Porte* was ne'er out of his head, Sir:
Oh this writing and reading! etc. etc.

The grocer, Will Fig, who so fast
Thro' his cyphers and figures could run ye,
By gum! he has nothing, at last,
But the cyphers to show for his money.
The barber, a scollard, well known
At the sign of the wig hanging from a tree,
Makes ev'ry head like his own,
For he cuts them all up in geometry!
Oh this writing and reading? etc. etc.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr.* HARTINGTON'S.

Enter Miss SELWYN *and Miss* HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. My dear Miss Selwyn—I am happy for once to have you quietly in my father's house.—We never should have got so intimate in London.

Miss Selwyn. In London! oh, never.—What with being at home to *nobody* in the morning, and being at home to *every body* in the evening, there is no such thing as intimacy among us—We are like those ladies of Bagdad, in 'The Arabian Nights,' who entertained strangers in

Miss S. Nothing so lil
memory, my dear.

Miss Hart. I am qui
say so, as I rather feare
lover of yours.

Miss S. And so he unfor
me with a sort of election
influence which my fort
among the freeholders. I
my heart and the count
every *vow*, expects a *vote*.

Miss Hart. I had alw
that *Captain* Canvas was

Miss S. You were rig
older by a year than Sir
father the late Baronet,
lady privately in France,
born before their marriag
before the second solemn
took place publicly in En
one doubts the validity of

Miss Hart. I am not at all surprised at the warmth with which you speak of Captain Canvas—I knew him once very well (*sighs.*)

Miss S. Very well, did you say, Miss Hartington?

Miss Hart. Oh! no—not—indeed scarcely at all. I meant merely that I had seen him. He was the friend of poor De Rosier (*aside.*)

Miss S. That sigh—that confusion—yes—yes—I see it plain—she loves him too (*aside.*)

[*Mr. Hartington's voice heard without.*

Miss Hart. My father's voice!—what a lucky relief! I am so happy, dear Miss Selwyn, in the opportunity of introducing you to my father. You must not be surprised at the oddity of his appearance—he is just now setting out upon one of those benevolent rambles, for which he dresses himself like the meanest of mankind; being convinced that, in this homely garb, he finds an easier access to the house of Misfortune, and that proud Misery unburdens her heart more freely for him who seems to share in her wants, than for him who ostentatiously comes to relieve them.

Enter MR. HARTINGTON, *meanly dressed.*

Miss Hart. Dear father! my friend Miss Selwyn.

Mr. Hart. I fear, Miss Selwyn, I shall alarm you by these tatters—Fine ladies, like crows, are apt to be frightened away by rags.

Miss S. When we know, Sir, the purpose for which this disguise is assumed, it loses

the world calls a Blue-Stock

Miss S. In truth, Sir, I r
has incurred that title.

Mr. Hart. Yes—yes—I
he was a man of erudition h
no son to inherit his learnin
lay out every syllable of it u
and accordingly stuffed her
was legible and *illegible*, w
dering that the female intell
too weak for such an exper
guns were made of glass, w
employed in charging them

Miss S. And would yo
entirely from the light of le

Mr. Hart. No—no—lea
please, but learn also to c
even bear a little peep at t
but save me from the woma
up to her knees!

Miss Hart. Nay, father y

art of raising the value of a guinea is to share it with those who are undeservedly in want of it! [*Exit.*

Miss S. (*looking after him.*) Excellent man!

Miss Hart. But were you not a little shocked by the misery of his appearance?

Miss S. Oh! not at all.—He seems to me like one of those dark clouds, that lay between us and the moon last night—gloomy and forbidding on its outward surface, but lined with the silver light of heaven within!

DUET.—*Miss Selwyn and Miss Hartington.*

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-colour'd bark, moving gracefully by;
No damp on her deck, but the even-tides weeping,
No breath in her sails, but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet, who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, tho' rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted, o'er hill of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seamen forlorn?

Oh! grant that, of those, who, in life's sunny slumber,
Around us, life summer-barks, idly have play'd,
When storms are abroad, we may find in the number,
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid!

[*Exeunt.*

Sir Charles. (*speaking without.*) Miss Selwyn! your aunt has despatched me to say that —(*Enters*)—Miss Selwyn!—Miss Selwyn!—This saucy heiress avoids me, as if I was a collector of the income-tax.—I see how it is—she has the impudence to dislike me without asking

rather suppose [illegible]
taken with me.—She listened
said as attentively as a *Reporte*
—in case I should fail in the o
as well make sure of the othe
to my bow, as *Lord Either*
House.'—But who have we h

Enter Mr. Harti

Oh! some poor pensioner of
pose—One, too, who must ha
upon very honest terms, for h
not worth turning.

Mr. Hart. Some troubl
I must get rid of. (*aside.*)

Sir C. Pray my good fr
one at home?

Mr. Hart. No Sir.

Sir C. I thought his *fr*
his looking so shabby. (*asid*
presume, are a quarterly visi
[illegible] perhaps—or [illegible]

men and *pensioners*—from the careless smile of the *sinecure holder*, to the keen forward-looking eye of the *reversionist*.—This fellow may be useful to me (*aside.*)—And what are the services, pray, which you render in return to your benefactor?

Mr. Hart. The smile, Sir, which his good actions always leave upon my cheek, and the sweet sleep which he knows I enjoy, after witnessing the happy effects of his charity, are ample repayment to him for the utmost efforts of his benevolence.

Sir C. Then upon my soul, he is more easily paid than any of those *I* have ever had dealings with.—I could smile bright or sleep heavy; but the guineas, being both bright and heavy, were always preferred to my smiling and sleeping.

Mr. Hart. I shall be kept here all day by this troublesome coxcomb (*aside.*) Your pardon, Sir, I have some business to transact for Mr. Hartington.

Sir C. Stay, my fine fellow, just one minute.—How should you like to have an opportunity of serving your benefactor, and *receiving the thanks* of this *honourable house* for your good offices?

Mr. Hart. Every thing that concerns Mr. Hartington, Sir, is as dear to me as my own immediate interests.

Sir C. Exactly what we say of Great Britain in *the House*—'Every thing that concerns Great Britain is as dear to me (mimicking)—'

employ you in some way that may
you.—In the mean time, as old
seems to have a few amiable od
charity and so forth, you can tell
have an opportunity, that *I* too ha
ful taste that way.—Oh! you sm
you? Well, then, to show you
here's—(*takes out his purse*)—ye
wait till my friends come into pow
think you love tippling, I'll get
gauger, you dog!

Mr. Hart. Keep your patrons
those who want it, and, above all, f
deserve it.—The master of this ho
Heaven! the only patron *I* requir
my conduct meet with *his* approb
may look up, with hope, to that
places, which the power of monar
give, nor the caprices of this world
of.

Sir C. Well said, old boy—thou

I mean to propose a *tax* on them—(*mimicking some public speaker*)—'Mr. Chairman! I move that all love-dealings shall be transacted upon *stamps*.—Soft nonsense, Sir, upon *a one-and six-penny*—when the passion is to any amount, an eighteen-pen'orth more—and a proposal for marriage——' No—Curse it—I'll not lay any thing additional upon marriage.—It never came under the head of *luxuries*, and is quite tax enough in itself. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in* MR. HARTINGTON'S *House.*

Enter MISS HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. How long this loitering girl is away! my heart sickens with anxiety for her return.—It cannot surely be De Rosier whom I saw at the library—and yet his features, air, manner, altogether scarcely leave a doubt upon my heart.—Oh, De Rosier! What strange caprice of Fortune can have lowered thy station in life so suddenly?—And yet, wealth was not the charm that attracted me, nor could riches shed one additional grace upon that which is bright and estimable already.

SONG.—*Miss Hartington.*

When Leila touch'd the lute,
  Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
  In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

Enter SUSAN.

Well—dear Susan! what news?

Susan. Why, you see, Miss, I w
circulating library, and as I forgot t
the book you bid me get, I thought I
for one of my own choosing—So, sa
Miss Hartington sent me for the Co
gazine, with the blue and red cuts i
which he blushed and——

Miss Hart. Who blushed? tell me
is it, indeed, Mr. De Rosier?

Susan. La! Miss—there's no
telling you a story—you are always
hurry to get at the contents of it.

ɔen stuck in his beautiful ear, and his nice
ıite hands all over with the dust of them dirty
tle story-books.

Miss Hart. There's a mystery in this, which
cannot account for. I *did* indeed hear from
ıe, who knew him well, that he depended
ɔon precarious remittances from France—
ıt "then—

"*Susan.* Lord—Miss—your emigrants are
ways precarious people—tho', indeed, to give
e devil his due, Mr. De Rosy is as little like
ıe as may be—for, I purtest and wow, he
eaks English almost as well as myself; and
: used to give a pound-note as prettily as if
: had been a banker's clerk all his life time.

"*Miss Hart.* He has given you money, then,
ısan?

"*Susan.* Once in a way, Miss—a trifle or so,
ıd, God knows! I earn'd it well by answering
l his troublesome questions about *who* were
ɔur visitors, and *who* you liked best, and
hether you ever talked of him after the night
ɜ danced with you at the ball.

"*Miss Hart.* That night! the only time I
ɜer heard his voice! And" did he seem to
now you to-day, Susan?

Susan. Indeed, Miss, I made believe not to
now *him*—for I have lived too long among my
etters not to larn, that it is bad taste to go on
nowing people, after they have come into
ıisfortune. But when I told him you sent me
ɔr the Comical Magazine, with the blue and
ɜd cuts in it, la! how he did blush and stare!

reading the catalogue.) 'Fatal
'Victim of Poverty.' Heigh ho
Susan. Ay—Heigh ho! indee
very, very stout, hardy love, th
cold, when the poverty season s
but too true what some fine poe
'When Poverty comes in at th
flies out at the window.'

SONG.—*Susan.*

Young Love liv'd once in a huml
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils
As wild and sweet as the life he
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams an
But lips, tho' blooming, must stil
And not even Love can live on

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye

And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
'Oh ho!' said Love—'is it you? good bye;'
So he oped the window, and flew away!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Bless me! Bless me! Where is this fine gentleman, my shopkeeper? Idling his time, I warrant him, with some of the best-bound books in the shop. Ah! 'tis a foolish thing for a scholar to turn bookseller—just as foolish as it is for a jolly fellow to turn wine-merchant; they both serve themselves before their customers, and the knowledge and the wine all get into their own heads. And your poets too!—extraordinary odd fish!—only fit to be served up at the tables of us booksellers, who feed upon them, as the dogs fed upon poor Rumble's Pegasus,

SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Robert Rumble, a poet of lyric renown,
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!
Was invited to dine with a 'Squire out of town,
With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!
His nag had a string-halt, as well as his lyre,
So he mounted and rode to the house of the 'Squire,
Who was one of those kind-hearted men, that keep hounds
Just to hunt off the vermin from other men's grounds,
With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

wag
Had cut up. by mistake. Robert Rt
With his hey scribble—hy scribl

But 'Comfort yourself,' said the 'S
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!
'There's the dog-horse still standin
With my hey scribble—hy scribl
Then they saddled the dog-horse,
set,
So suspiciously ey'd by each dog tl
That you'd swear, notwithstanding
They suspected the steed he was o
With my hey scribble—hy scribl

Arriv'd safe at home, to his pillow b
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!
And dreams all the night about crit
With his hey scribble—hy scribb
His nag seem'd a Pegasus, touch'd
And the curs were all wits, of the t
Who, when press'd for a supper,
sup.

Enter HENRY DE ROSIER *with a book in his hand.*

Leath. What is the meaning of all this, Sir? What have you been about? Do you mean to ruin me?

De Ros. I ask pardon, Sir—I have been just looking over the last new publication, to see if it be fit for the young ladies at the boarding school.

Leath. Which is as much as to say, Sir, that you would sooner ruin *me* than the young Ladies of the boarding-school! I am ashamed of you.

De Ros. I really thought, Sir, I had done every thing that—

Leath. Done, Sir? every thing's *un*done, Sir; and I shall be so myself very soon. Here's books to go out, Sir, and they won't walk of themselves, will they? Here's *Tricks upon Travellers*, bespoke by Mrs. Ringwell, who keeps the Red Fox; and there's the *Road to Ruin* for the young 'Squire, that sets off for London to-night. Here are parcels too to go by the coach—*Ovid's Art of Love* to be left at the *Transport Office*; and the *Lady of the Lake* to be delivered at the *Lying-in-Hospital*.

De Ros. We have had a new subscriber this morning, Sir—Miss Hartington.

Leath. (*Bustling among the Books on the counter.*) So much the better—hope she's a good one—reads clean and neat—won't double down the corners, or favour us with proof im-

best set of *Public Characters*
to pieces at the Good-natur
bless me!—bless me!—how
Girl has been tossed and tum
O'Callaghan! There—that wi
you don't stir from this till I c
just going to remind neighbo
he forgot to pay for the *Pleasu*
and then I have to step to the
street, to redeem the *Wealth o*
poor Mr. Pamphlet popped t
and-six-penny dollar. Bless
how my customers ill use my

De Ros. There is some littl
tween this and the gay sphere I
Miss Hartington's beauty firs
mind; when, through the crow
but her alone, and felt her
where she was not. Well—the
over!—the support of a belove
now sweeten the toil to which I

oy scarcely ever faded from my heart, before had somehow contrived to illuminate its place rith *another*.

SONG.—*Henry De Rosier.*

Spirit of joy! thy altar lies
  In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
  That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
  They are not those to sorrow known,
But breath so soft, and drop so clear,
  That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
  The sanguine hope that brightens wo,
And teaches even our tears to keep
  The tinge of rapture while they flow.
The child, who sees the dew of night
  Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
  But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
  Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
  The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, while I weep,
  The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
  The tinge of rapture while they flow.

Looking out.) 'Tis Miss Hartington herself—and this way she comes—How shall I avoid her? Yet, no; since hope is fled, come, honest pride! to my relief, and let me meet

Enter Miss HARTINGTON

Miss Hart. Yes; there he
from the lively, fashionable, I

Susan. I told you, Miss, w
cuts; but I am glad to see h
black pen out of his ear.

Miss Hart. I surely ought
him; he will think me prou
not. Mr. De Rosier—

Susan. *Mister*, indeed!
would not *Mister* a shopke
Let *me* speak to him—Young

Miss Hart. (*Drawing Sus*
Susan, for Heaven's sake.

De Ros. (*Coming forwar*
book, Madam, you wish me
you?

Miss Hart. No—Sir—but

De Ros. On this shelf, Mad
Memoirs, which are, of cou
to you——

green-room of politics, where we observe the little intrigues and jealousies of the actors, and witness the rehearsal of those scenes which dazzle and delude in representation.

"*Susan.* Ah! he wouldn't have talked politics to her so when he was a gentleman. (*aside*)

"*Miss Hart.*" It was not for this purpose, Mr. De Rosier, that—

De Ros. Oh, your pardon—Madam—then perhaps you prefer the Poets here (*pointing to another shelf.*)

Susan. Lord, no, young man! She hates poverty and all its kin, I assure you.

Miss Hart. I desire that you will be silent, Susan; he will think that we come to sport with his misfortunes.

De Ros. The few English Poets, who have worshipped Love. (*He looks at Miss Hartington, and both become confused.*)

Susan. Oh ho!

De Ros. I must not forget myself (*aside.*) I was saying, Madam, that the few English Poets, who have worshipped Love, seem so coldly ignorant of his power and attributes, that the shrine, which they raise to him, might be inscribed, like the famous altar at Athens, 'to the unknown God.' "Cowley here, and Donne (*taking down two books,*) are the chief of these unenlightened idolaters"—far from wishing us to *feel* what they write, they appear very unwilling that we should even *understand* it; and having learned from mytho-

Sheba, are to be won by [illegible]

Miss Hart. I perceive that I
not to acknowledge me; yet,
know what is passing here (
on her heart) at this moment
perhaps, regret that Fate ha
balance between us; since j
fortune has *sunk* on *his* side, I
risen on *mine*.

Susan. La! come away, M
can't be proper things he's sa
I never heard such rigmarol
born days.

De Ros. But here is a Poe
clime, who seems to breathe t
ture of affection—the air o
zone of the heart, which is
from the bright frost-work of
side, and the tainting meridia
the other.

To kneel at many a shrine,
  Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
  But those we just have won;—
This is love—careless love—
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame
  Thro' life, unchill'd, unmov'd;
To love, in wintry age, the same
  That first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore
  To such refin'd excess,
That tho' the heart would break with *more*,
  We could not live with *less;*
This is love—faithful love,—
  Such as saints might feel above!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A Crowd of Peasants, Hawkers
whom are DAVY *and* LA

SONG.—DAVY, *and Chorus of*

COME, lads, life's a whirligig
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn o
Merry go round's the life fo
You, standing surly there,
You, with the curly hair,
Dick, that's laughing here
Tom, that's quaffing here,
You too, my gipsy lass,
Spite of your lips, alas!
All must give up this world

Then come, lads, life's a whirli
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of

Lads that love filling bowls,
Girls that have willing souls,
These can soothe the way,
Roll life smooth away.
While there's a glass to drink,
While there's a lass to wink,
Who would give up this world of glee?
So come, lads, life's a whirligig, etc. etc.

Davy. Come, lads, the races are just nigh to begin—There's John Bull going up the hill. —Two to one on John Bull—Dang it! that's my favourite horse (*looking out.*)

La Fosse. Oui—certainly—that Bull is vare pretty horse.

Davy. Just look how noble-minded he steps, Old Monsieur here must be taken in for a bit of a bet, I think (*aside.*)—Come, boys!—Oh, zounds! (*looking out*) here's my old *litter of a Lady*, as she calls herself; and now shall I be tied behind her all day, and not get a sight of John Bull or Cronyhotontollygos.—But I say, lads, stand before me a little—mayhap, as she ha'nt got her *tellumscope*, she'll not spy me out.

[*They stand round him.*

Enter LADY BAB *and* MISS SELWYN.

Miss S. Nay, my dear aunt—

Lady B. I tell you, Miss, my resolution is fixed—'pon my word, I believe you think I am like *a moveable pully* in *mechanics*, to be twirled about just as suits your fancy.

young Lady, that you
chance of his arriving he
orders that he shall not b
even within the *penumbr*
that fool, Davy?

Davy. Here, my Lady
the crowd, who all run off
Frenchman.)

Lady B. Why, what's

Davy. Why, my Lady
only giving a piece of my
outlandish Mounseer here,
ing chaps trick him out
the Races.

La Fosse. (*advancing wi*
Lady—Jean Bull—

Davy. Hush, mon! (*putt*
mouth.)

Lady B. Run home, fell
tell the servants, that if a
name of Captain Canvas sh

La Fosse. Oui—certainly—but I cannot fly.— [*Exit after Davy.*

Lady B. I'll teach you, Miss, what it is to fall in love without consulting your relations. —I declare the young ladies of the present day shock me.—Quite *reversing* the qualities of what we chemists call the *perfect metals*, they are any thing but *ductile*, and most shamefully *combustible*.—It was very different in *my* time.

Miss S. Nay, do not, dear aunt, take example by those times, when marriage was a kind of slavetrade, and when Interest carried her unfeeling commerce even into the warm latitudes of youth and beauty—No—let Love banish such traffic from his dominions, and let Woman, mistress of her freedom, resign it only with her—heart!

SONG.—*Miss Selwyn.*

Dear aunt! in the olden time of love,
When women like slaves were spurn'd,
A maid gave her *heart*, as she would her *glove*,
To be teazed by a top, and—returned;
But women grow wiser as men improve,
And tho' beaux like monkies amuse us,
Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by them;
No—dearest aunt! excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
What impression the heart will take;
If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
What a poor impression 'twill make.

Sir C. Ladies—Ladies—Ladi
too late—you'll be too late.

Lady B. What! have the Ra
Charles?

Sir C. Begun? yes—to be s
begun—there's the high-blooded
has just started, and has set off i
as promises a race of glory!

DAVY [*Enters.*]

"*Lady B.* Bless me! I woul
the world—Here, blockhead (*to*
this volume out of my pocket—
Plod's Syllabus of a course of I
Lead, and much too heavy to
with. (*Gives him a large book*
Charles."

Sir C. Come—Madam—you'l
—"I am but just this moment
Horse—(I mean, the Stand-H

Davy. I say—Mounseer—Mounseer (*calling m La Fosse.*) I must follow the old-one now —but do you, you see, come up behind the Stand-House by-and-by, just as if you had no concarn, you know, and you and I will have a snug bet upon Cronyhotontollygos. [*Exit.*

La Fosse. Ah! oui—certainly—sure—good Master Davy—Dam rogue! he want to get at my money—but pardi! he as well look for brains in an oyster—Ah! my money by all gone vid my cookery! every ting but my poor tabatière here (*pauses and looks with interest at his snuff-box.*) Ah mon cher maître! you vas fond of my cookery, and I vas grand artiste in dat vay, to be sure—but now, by gar, I am like to de barber widout customer, I have not even one sheep-head to dress—My Lady, Madame de Rosier, eat noting at all—young Monsieur de Rosier eat little *or* noting —and moi, pauvre moi! I eat little *and* noting; just as it happen—Ah! de Revolution destroy all de fine arts, and eating among de rest!

[*Retires.*

Enter Captain CANVAS.

Capt. C. Faithless, faithless sex! your hearts are like the waves, that keep no trace of us when we have left them—another love soon follows in our wake, and the same bright embrace is ready for it.—My letter apprized her of my return, and yet here, instead of a smiling welcome, I find her doors are shut against me. —Brother! Brother! I could resign to you

mate! like thine, alas! has been
love—like thine, too, be my destin

SONG.—*Captain Canva*

When Charles was deceiv'd by the maid
We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting
But proudly he smil'd, as if gay and unn
Tho' the wound in his heart was deep
And often, at night, when the tempest r
He sung, as he paced the dark deck o
'Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold
'As the heart of a maid that deceives h

Yet he liv'd with the happy, and seem'd
Tho' the wound but sunk more deep f
And Fortune threw many a thorn in his
Which, true to *one* anguish, he trod wi
And, still by the frowning of Fate unsub
He sung, as if sorrow had plac'd him a
'Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so r
'As the heart of a maid that deceives h

At length his career found a close in dea

must find out De Rosier—they told me, at his ›rmer lodgings in town, that he had retired ither for his health—Pray, friend, can you di-ect me to the house of Mr. Leatherhead, the ookseller?

La Fosse. Ah! oui—Sare—yes—vare well ıdeed—dat is vare my young master is bound p in a shopman. (*aside.*)

Capt. C. Does a gentleman of the name of ›e Rosier lodge there?

La Fosse. Oui, Sare, he lodge there in de shop.

Capt. C. The Shop?

La Fosse. Yes—Sare—in de shop—pon de ›okshelf, vat you call—

Capt. C. Oh! I understand you—always nong the books—I know De Rosier is of a udious turn—He does not then see much ›mpany, I suppose?

La Fosse. Pardon—Monsieur—all de young dies of dis place make visit to him exactement ı they come out of de water.

Capt. C. Indeed?

La Fosse. Oh! yes—he have de name of all › pretty little girl down in von book.

Capt. C. Happy De Rosier! who can thus ifle away your time in those light gallantries, hich require so little expenditure of feeling maintain them, and for which the loose coin the senses is sufficient, without drawing upon e capital of the heart—while I——Oh, Har-ɜt Selwyn! what a rich mine of affection have ›u slighted!

La Fosse. Dis way, Sare. [Exeunt.

you a be just as much a gentle

De Ros. Come then—now—
—do tell me what are those li
symptoms, which you think y
vered for me in your mistress.

Susan. Why, in the first pla
often you are not worth thinkin
very plain she thinks of nothing
she is as jealous of you——

De Ros. Nay, Susan, there y
jealous of me!—these books ar
tresses; and fashionable ones th
for they circulate through half

Susan. These books indeed!
De Rosy—for all you look so m
found out the lady in the cott
lane, so we have—She that was
to you, you know, from France.

De Ros. My mother, by all th
(*aside*)—and she is jealous of m
she trace me to the cottage her

De Ros. Why—what did they say, good Susan?—oh, happiness unexpected! (*aside.*)

Susan. They said you had as many wives as the great Cram of Tartary; that your lady in the lane was a French Dutchess or thereabouts, that smuggled herself over to you in a large packing case, purtending to be crockery-ware—pretty crockery, indeed!

De Ros. This discovery gives me new life—jealous of me!

Susan. There—if he isn't quite proud of the discovery! oh rakery! rakery! but I'll go and tell it all to my mistress—Lord! Lord! what will the times come to, when Dutchesses are sent about, like *other* brittle ware, in packing-cases? [*Exit Susan.*

De Ros. Jealousy! thou shadow from Love's form, which still the darker falls the warmer light he moves in—her heart has felt thee, then—Happy, happy De Rosier!—It may be folly perhaps to feel so happy, but Wisdom herself can do no more—and there is nothing in life like that sweet philosophy, which softens all that is painful, and enhances all that is pleasant, by making the best of the one, and the most of the other. [*Exit.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. (*Calling.*) Mr. De Rosier! Why, De Rosier, I say.—If this young Frenchman keeps me bawling after him this way, I shall split my voice into two, like Orator Puff, of the Debating Society, whose eloquence is a happy

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in hi
The one squeaking *thus*, and the
In each sentence he utter'd he gave
For one half was B alt, and the re
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for one orator's surel

But he still talk'd away, spite of coug
So distracting all ears with his *ups*,
That a wag once, on hearing the or
'My voice is for war,' ask'd him,
pray?"
Oh! oh! etc.

Reeling homewards, one evening, to
And rehearsing his speech on t
Crown,
He tripp'd near a sawpit, and tumbl
'Sinking Fund' the last words a
down.
Oh! oh! etc.

'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, in his

Enter DE ROSIER, *with printed sheets in his hand.*

Leath. So—So—a specimen of my new printing-press—A bright thought of mine, Mr. Thing-o-me, wasn't it, eh?

De Ros. Oh! excellent—Sir. (*laughing.*)

Leath. I think so—Poet Rumble here must have sent to London, if I couldn't print for him.

De Ros. Oh! most inconvenient, Sir,—his Pindarics must have gone by the wagon, and his Epigrams by the long heavy coach—Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Ha! ha! ha! Damn the fellow, I believe he is laughing at my printing-press (*aside.*) But let's see—let's see—how goes on my new compositor?

De Ros. Why, pretty well—Sir—he generally puts one word in place of another, which, in poetry like Mr. Rumble's, does not make much difference. Indeed, as in the *militia*, the substitute is always a better man than the principal, so here in the *line*—I mean Mr. Dactyl's line, Sir; you'll excuse me—ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Curse the grinning puppy! I wish the types were down his throat, large Roman letters and all. (*aside.*)

De Ros. Allow me to give you an instance or two, Sir, of your printer's happy deviation from the copy (*reads*) '*The dear and fragrant sigh of infancy*' he has converted into a '*dire and flagrant sign of infamy*;'—'*sweets of morning*,' he has turned into '*suits of mourning*;' and '*haunted by all the mellow* dreams of

Horace,' he has made '*hunted by all the melo-dramas of horses!*' Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Ha! ha!—Impudent rascal! how merry he is! but I'll teach him to take liberties with the press, the jacobin! He'd give his eyes to go to the Races, I know he would; but I'll not let him, I'll go there myself to spite him, I'll give him a job, too, that my gentleman won't like (*aside.*) Here you, Mr. Scholar, here's some books to go to Lady Bab Blue's library, and you must take and arrange them for her.

De Ros. What! I, Sir!

Leath. Yes—you, Sir,—and leave the porter to look after the shop. She is a lady of learning, they say, and ought to have a *critic* to wait on her—Happy to recommend you for that situation—She might like to have a reviewer on her establishment—Fifty pounds a year and the run of the kitchen—Sorry to part with you, but (*all this time Leatherhead is at the counter arranging the books.*)

Enter CAPT. CANVAS *and* LA FOSSE.

Capt. C. (*Starting at seeing De Rosier.*) De Rosier! for heaven's sake, what is the meaning—

De Ros. Hush! and I'll tell you all presently.

Leath. Who is that, eh?

De Ros. Merely a gentleman, Sir, who wishes to see our catalogue.

Leath. And who is that foreign-looking thief, who stands grinning at you there?

De Ros. Oh! that, Sir, is—What shall I

y to get a few moments' explanation with anvas? (*aside.*) That Sir, is a French man letters, who having heard of your new print-g-press, is come to engage with you as a anslator. (*Retires to the back of the stage ith Captain C.*)

Leath. Translator! himself an original quite -must talk to him, tho', Servant, Sir, well ac-ainted, I'm told, with the learned tongues?

La Fosse. Ah! he have heard of my cook-y—(*aside*)—Oui—certainly, Sare,—dress de ngue *à merveille*—and de sauce! by gar you ould eat your fader with it.*

Leath. Eat my father! what the devil does ; mean?

La Fosse. You like it, Sare, done English way?

Leath. Yes—yes—done into English, to be ire—and let it be something that will go down, ou know.

La Fosse. Ah! pardi—he will go down fast ough (*laying his hand on his stomach*)—Den, are, I can make you de finest nick-nack out nothing at all.

Leath. How well he understands the art of ithorship! (*aside.*)

La Fosse. Hash up de old ting like new—

Leath. Right—boot-making!

La Fosse. Vid plenty salt—

Leath. Attic—bravo!

La Fosse. Vare much acid—

Leath. Satiric—excellent!

* A cette sauce-là on mangeroit son père.
L'Almanach des Gourmands.

the race-ground? We may t
ters on the way.

La Fosse. Oui—sure—cert
Sare, your conversation gi
enough widout de walk.

Leath. Oh! you flatter m

La Fosse. Après vous, M

[*Exeun*

[*Capt. Canvas and De Rosie*

Capt. C. But why did yo
letter, and acquaint me with
fortunes?

De Ros. The truth is, my
have such an aversion to lette
have sometimes thought the
Phelim O'Neal, never to answ
a *challenge*, was the only *peac*
ting through life. But let us n
—love is our only theme.

Capt. C. And that way li
Oh! if I could but see the fa

Capt. C. Positively excludes me.

De Ros. Heaven send she may do me the same favour—"But though her Ladyship is not at home to *Love*, she seldom refuses the visits of *Learning*, an acquaintance whom she treats ceremoniously, not being on very *familiar* terms with him"—there lie *my* letters of introduction to her presence. (*pointing to a parcel on the counter.*)

Capt. C. What! those books?

De Ros. Yes—those books, "which are as *welcome* and about as *useful* to her Ladyship as an opera-glass to a South-Sea islander."

Capt. C. But what did you say of an introduction to her presence?

De Ros. Why, simply, that my master has inflicted upon me the honour of carrying that parcel to Lady Bab's library, and if *you* have the least ambition for the employment, I will *depute* it to you with all my soul—happy if, like other great men, I may be the means of making the fortune of my deputy, and if *carrying out books* should prove as profitable to you as *keeping books* has been to many others.

Capt. C. 'Tis an excellent thought; I thank you from my heart for it.

De Ros. You are not serious, Canvas?

Capt. C. Never was more serious in my life.

De Ros. Ha! ha! ha! Why, what will your ship's company think of you, when they hear you have turn'd bookseller and stationer?

Capt. C. No matter—it will give me an opportunity of seeing her once more, and of

ing his pockets, and then go
the library)—Oh! here it
Baisers of *Dorat;* covered,
with a whole volume of ki
miniature.) There, I have
that *copy*, as any other man
my opinion, to the *original.*
friend *Crayon*, from his own
Hartington, and I ran away
theus *had* the image, when I
but I, being provided with
his hand on his heart,) stole
Capt. C. (*Looking at hi*
How many ghosts of depart
those faithless lips!
De Ros. (*Looking at his.*)
little unfledged hopes lie nes
pled smile!

DUET.—*Captain Canvas*

Capt. C. Here is the lip that hat

De Ros. Hope hides me dream of bright days,
And fancy her faithfully mine.
De Ros. Here is the glance that inspir'd—
Capt. C. Here is the blush that deceiv'd;
De Ros. Glances too wildly admir'd!
Capt. C. Blushes too fondly believ'd!
Both. While on her features, etc. etc.

De Ros. But come—if you mean to be my deputy, there is no time to lose—Give me your coat.

Capt. C. What! must I——

De Ros. Of course, my dear fellow (*taking off Capt. C.'s coat;*) though the lady herself is as blue as indigo, your coat need not be of the same livery with her stockings.

Capt. C. Where do you mean to hide my uniform?

De Ros. Here—behind this large History of England—and I believe it is the first time that any thing *naval* has ever been *kept out of sight* by an English historian. Now put on this apron—Does Lady Bab know you?

Capt. C. Never has seen me?

De Ros. So much the better—I have no doubt she will be taken with your scientific appearance—and you may tell her you are versed in the *Cannon* Law, you know. Now for the books—"God help you, if she should take a fancy to read any of these folios to you.

"*Capt. C.* I should never stand that—Like a reprobate Quaker, I should be soon *reak out* of the meeting.

left for Friendship, upon who
may rely.

(*During this Scene, Capt. C*
sier's shop-jacket, into the
De Rosier had, at the end
his own miniature—Capt.
to change, lays his miniatur

De Ros. Poor Canvas!—I
proaching the counter)—Hey-de
—by all that's perplexing, he l
tress's miniature behind him, a
mine with him in his pocket.
(*calling after him*)—It is too lat
and this exchange of mistresse
to us both. But away with ap
will not, this day, let one dark
near me. Oh woman! woman!
would live without the hope of b
thee?

SONG.—*De Rosier.*

When life looks lone and dreary

Let conquerors fight for glory,—
  Too dearly the meed they gain;
Let patriots live in story,—
  Too often they die in vain.
Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
  This world can offer to me
No throne like Beauty's bosom,
  No freedom like serving thee,
    Oh! Woman!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Madame De Rosier's Cottage.*

Enter LA FOSSE.

La Fosse. Diable t'emporte, you big book-
eller—vid your tongues and your bacon—and
près tout—after all—his Bacon turn out to be
n old dead Chancelier—morbleu!—and ven
tell him I vas *Cook*—by gar, he begin beat
ne, as I do de young live pig to make him
ender—Ah! here is my maîtresse—and vat de
evil old beggar-man she got vid her?

Enter MADAME DE ROSIER *and* MR. HARTINGTON.

Mad. De Ros. I am afraid, my poor man,
ose rude servants must have hurt you.

Mr. Hart. They might have hurt me, Ma-
am, had you not kindly opened your door and
dmitted me.

Mad. De Ros. I am sure their master, who-
ver he may be, would have punished them for
eir rudeness, if he had seen them.

Mr. Hart. I do not know *that*, Madam—
ere is such congeniality in the pursuits of

poor man some cold meat.

La Fosse. Oui, my La
way all my cookery goes. 1

Mad. De Ros. You hav
I doubt not.

Mr. Hart. And so have y
I can conjecture from thos
like the ornament of a fall
traced long after the pillar,
is broken.

Enter La Fosse (*bringing i*
Meat, etc.

La Fosse. Here is de lit
Ah! if ma pauvre maîtress
large as her heart, de ugly 1
would be soon banish from 1
small-pock. (*lays it on the ta*

Mr. Hart. My words se
Lady.

Mad. De Ros. I know no

Mad. De Ros. (*turning round.*) Nay, prithee, eat, my good man.

Mr. Hart. Thanks, Lady,—I am quite refreshed (*rises*)—and now, forgive me, if I ask, how long you may have felt this illness under which you suffer.

Mad. De Ros. Not very long—and, in truth, so many have been my hours of health and cheerfulness, that I feel as if I had already shared my full proportion of blessings, and can thank Heaven for the balm, that has been at the top of my cup, even while I drain the bitterness that lies at the bottom.

Mr. Hart. O Patience! how thy smile adorns adversity! (*aside.*) You may think it presumptuous, Madam, that one so poor and humble as I am should venture to prescribe a remedy for the languor that oppresses your spirits; but——

Mad. De Ros. Alas! my good man! 'tis far beyond the reach of art even more refined than yours.

Mr. Hart. Pardon me, Lady. During the wandering life I have led among the poor and wretched, and the various sicknesses of heart and spirits which I have met with, I have frequently witnessed the efficacy of one simple medicine, which, if delicately administered, seldom fails to remove at least a part of the pressure, under which the patient languishes.

Mad. De Ros. Some village charm, I doubt not—but I must indulge the poor old man. (*aside.*)

and, in some temperaments, i
less itching in the hands, v
constant application of the
part—When this symptom bre
ranks of life, the operation
been found to be ruinous to t

Mad. De Ros. (*smiling.*)
rather a desperate remedy
me.

Mr. Hart. No—Lady *you*
—When prescribed by "frie
nity for the relief of those
compassionate, it is then i
balsam whose cordial not o
heart of him who *takes*, but
long lingers on the hand of l
ters it. There—open it, whe
before it is exhausted, you s
with a fresh supply.

Enter LA FOSSE

La Fosse. Only de gentleman's head a little crack, I believe—mais—le voici—here he come.

Enter SIR CHARLES CANVAS.

Sir C. Curse that awkward post!—caught in the forewheel and spilt me off the dickey—Just the way in *the House*, tho'—when a Member arrives at a *post*, he always *vacates* his *seat* immediately.

Mad. De Ros. I hope, Sir, you have not suffered any serious injury.

Sir C. Not much—Ma'am—head a little *out* of *order*, as we say—all owing to the spirit of my leaders. Greys, Madam, fine creatures—Your *Greys* make excellent leaders in *Opposition* coaches—Ah! my old gauger-that-is-to-be, how d'ye do? Don't remember me, eh?

Mr. Hart. Oh! yes, Sir—you call yourself Sir Charles Canvas. (*Madame De Rosier starts, and looks earnestly at Sir Charles.*)

Sir C. Call myself! damn the fellow—doubts my claim, I suppose. (*aside.*)

Mad. De Ros. It cannot surely be the same! (*aside.*)

Sir C. I say, my old boy, I have a little job for you. Do you like *jobs?* no getting on without them—I shall want you, in a day or two, to deliver a letter for me to Miss Hartington.

Mr. Hart. To Miss Harting——

Sir C. Mum—I have every reason to suspect that little Tory has taken a fancy to me.

Mad. De Ros. It is indeed
eldest son of my dear friend,
(*aside.*)

Sir C. And, between our
impossible but the *measure* of
be *carried.* However, say no
matter at present, as I am jus
in another quarter; but if I do
of the poll, damme but I'll cut,
Member for *Hartington.* (*slap*
the back.)

Mr. Hart. This fellow's im
lerable (*aside.*) But are you t
of being accepted by Miss H

Sir C. Oh! no doubt of i
refuse—they'd never do fo
couldn't say *no* for the live
—mum—my old fellow—that
upon me to-morrow at the bo

Mr. Hart. I have no doul

a little *Secret Committee* with my *honourable Friend* in fragments here.

Mad. De Ros. Not so secret, Sir Charles, as to prevent me from discovering that I have the honour of receiving under my roof the son of one of my best and earliest friends, Lady Canvas.

Sir C. Oh! you knew my mother, Madam; an excellent woman, as women go, certainly.

Mad. De Ros. I knew her in Paris, when she was married, and was the only friend to whom she entrusted it—we were in the same hotel together when you were born.

Sir C. The devil! she mistakes me for my eldest brother—I don't quite like this. (*aside.*) You are wrong, Madam—My mother was not exactly what you call—married, you know, till she came to England.

Mad. De Ros. Pardon me, Sir Charles—I was present at the ceremony——

Sir C. Present! I'm ruin'd—like a lost Bill—negativ'd, thrown out, and sent to the pastry-cook's (*aside*)—Yet stay, I'm safe yet—one witness won't do—no—no—'twont do, Madam (*turning round to Mad. De Rosier, he is caught round the neck by La Fosse, to whom, during Sir C.'s speech aside, Mad. De Rosier had whispered something.*

La Fosse. Ah! my dear little Master Canvas; bless my soul, how vare often I have pinch you little ear, when you not dis high, and you squawl and squawl, and vish me at de devil!

what strange fate has brou
here?

Mad. De Ros. Upon my ret
last year, I found that my husb
De Rosier was dead—that his n
all embezzled, and his estates c
dear son, Henry (whom you ma
the library) was the only comfo
upon his industry we now depen
ble, yet sufficient, maintenance.

Sir C. So—So—the young e
library—I have it (*aside.*) Yo
you say, is Henry De Rosier?
tablets and writes.)

Mad. De Ros. Yes, Sir,

Sir C. Aged?

Mad. De Ros. About one-an

Sir C. 'Aged one—and—tw
size—fair complexion.' (*writing*

La Fosse. Ah de brave homm
patrons my young master!

suspicious character, must be got rid of, unpleasant office for me, but must do my duty.

Mad. De Ros. My unfortunate boy! what *can* he have done?

Sir C. Nothing *overt*, as yet, perhaps, but quite enough to be suspected of being suspicious. "Doctor Shuffle-bottom and some dowagers of distinction have long had their eyes on him—he has been caught laughing at a novel of Voltaire's, and has even been seen to yawn over a loyal pamphlet of Doctor Shuffle-bottom's—an incendiary quite!

"*Mad. De Ros.* Oh Sir! I will answer with my life that, whatever imprudence my Henry may have been guilty of, his heart is in the right; his heart is always in the right.

"*Sir C.* Very likely—but we politicians have nothing to do with the heart—must send him off—and that ugly old sinner there with him." Shall go now, and write to *the Alien Office.*

Mad. De Ros. (*Kneeling.*) For pity's sake, Sir Charles! by the memory of your dear mother, I entreat you.

Sir C. I have her now (*aside.*) As to that, Madam, tho' always rigid in my public duties yet when so fair *a petitioner humbly showeth*, I am as easily *moved* as—*the question of adjournment* (*raises her*)—and there is one condition upon which I consent to let your son remain safely behind his counter.

Mad. De Ros. Name it—Sir—name it.

Sir C. Simply this: that you never betray

Henry himself.

Sir C. Does *he* know it?

Mad. De Ros. I have neve
him.

Sir C. Mum—then—that'

Enter De Rosi

De Ros. I have stolen o
business to tell my dear mot
ness——What! in tears, m
Charles Canvas here? Wha
of this?

Mad. De Ros. Nothing, I
merely talking of some old-
*shows the tablets secretly to
her.*) This gentleman—I mea
an accident, at our door, and it

De Ros. There is some
which must be explained to
(*La Fosse nods significan*

Mad. De Ros. This, then, was the motive —Oh, Henry! (*She is going towards him, when Sir Charles seizes her hand, and reads the tablets in an under voice to her.*)

Sir C. 'Aged twenty-one—middle size—fair complexion——'

De Ros. Come, Madam, you must not stay here to be insulted—Another time, Sir Charles, I shall know the meaning of your conduct—I *did* think, Sir, that you modern men of fashion, when coming to a domestic sanctuary like this, could leave your arrogance at the club, and your vulgarity at the race-ground; but I find, that, in the circle of social life, you are as *misplaced* as monkies in a flower garden, having just *strength* enough to trample on what is *delicate*, and just *wit* enough to ruin what is *beautiful*. [*Exeunt Mad. De Rosier and Henry.*

Sir C. Hear him! hear him! That young gentleman has a taste for oratory—would cut a figure upon a *Turnpike Bill*—Flatter myself, however, I have muzzled the principal witness —"and my brother, a careless fellow, will never think of sifting the matter when he returns, but pocket the affront, and away to sea again."—As to *fighting*, my young Mr. Emigrant (for you seemed to *give notice of a motion* to that effect) before I fight, I must *consult my constituents*, as I hold it *unpatriotic* to do any thing without their *instructions*. [*Exit.*

Miss Selwyn and Davy—

tipsy.

Lady B. Come hither, you
assist this young man to arr
Foh, fellow! your breath sme

Davy. Hydergin--gin--gin-
so it was gin, sure enough—
toad knows the smell of it! (

Lady B. (*To Davy.*) He
two volumes of *Sallust*—Th
thine, and that the *Cataline.*

Davy. (*Spelling the lette*
T. O. M. Tom, C. A. T.
Come, I guess now that's s
comical.—(*Spells the other.*)
—Tom's Jug.—Ah! that's t
all.

Capt. C. One word with
cient—Miss Selwyn! Miss S
Miss S.)

Miss S. Good Heavens! is

picture into your hands, and (what I cannot think you will regret) to bid you farewell for ever! [*He returns to the book-case.*

Miss S. What can he mean? 'Worthy and *willing* to share his brother's fortune!'—My picture, too, return'd (*opens it*)—Yet—no—no—can I believe my eyes?—It is—it *is* Miss Hartington. Oh! this accounts for her confusion, when I mentioned his name—her sighs, when she acknowledged that she knew him. False, cruel man! to insult me thus with the display of her love-gifts—But I'll—Oh! that his brother were here now—I could even do my heart a violence to be revenged of him.

Lady B. Why, what are you about young man? (*to Capt. Canvas, who has been employed at the book-case.*) You are mixing up my science with all sorts of rubbish—Here's *Thoughts upon Gravity* on the same shelf with *Broad Grins;* and—as I live!—*Sir Isaac Newton* in the corner with *Betsy Thoughtless!*

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir C. Oh, dear ladies! I have had the saddest tumble off my dicky—exactly such as happened to me last spring—you recollect—immediately after the *snows* and the *Parliament* had *dissolved* away, and the *new Ministers* were just budding into *patronage* and *majorities.*

Miss S. Dear Sir Charles, you alarm me beyond expression. (*affecting anxiety about him.*)

Sir C. Not much—head a little d
—but it was this that saved me (
crown of his hat)—*The Crown* is the
to us M. P.'s, after all—But don't l
ladies—I am not so ill but that I s
to attend you to the Lottery at th
and afterwards, if you will allow
Hartington's card-party.

FINALE TO THE SECON

Lady Bab Blue, Miss Selwyn, Cap
Sir C. Canvas, and Davy

Capt. C. The last gleam of hope is van
Misery's night surrounds n
Davy. I could read mighty well, i
show me how,
But this printing like quite
Miss S. The pain in your head, is it b
Capt. C. The pain in my heart who ca
Sir C. C. Pretty well—it may swell.
Davy. I can spell—very well—F. 1

Miss S. How I should deplore thee!
Tenderly weep o'er thee

Capt. C. None will ere adore thee
With the love *I* bore thee.
Oh! happier, happier be,
Whose heart is cold to thee.

Miss S.
Lady B.
Davy. } Oh! happy, happy we,
Thy safe return to see.

Sir C. C. I'm happy, Ma'am, to see
Your kind concern for me.

Capt. C. and *Miss S.* {
Can Falsehood then boast of her power to destroy?
And not even blush o'er the ruins of joy?
Can hearts leave the load-star they used to obey,
And not even tremble in turning astray?

(*Davy, who has been fixing books upon the shelves, lets a large parcel of them, at this moment, fall about his ears.*)

Davy. Dang it! what a clatter!
How my head they batter!

Capt. C. Booby! what's the matter?
How the books you scatter!

Lady B. See! you awkward lout,
My ancients thrown about;
My wits all tumbling from above!

Davy. If larning be about
As hard inside as out,
'Twould soon get through my skull, by Jove!

Capt. C. and *Miss S.* } Farewell—farewell—to hope, joy, and love!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

LADY BAB BLUE, SIR CHARL:
SELWYN, MISS HARTINGT(
motley Groupe of Persons, c
tending the drawing of a lot
THERHEAD *is busied about l*
ter.—Various Prizes are
Counter.

SONG, RECITATIVE, DUET

SONG.—*Susan.*

A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's court there us'(
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lotte
And kisses too.
As good as new
Which were not very ha
For he, who won
The eyes of fun
Was sure to have the kis

For hearts, I'm told,
In *shares* he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
In sixteen parts
So well, each thought the *whole* his own!

Chor. A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's court there us'd to be,
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

RECITATIVE AND SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Ladies and Gentlemen—Gentlemen and Ladies—Go not to Cupid's court;
For (whatever the young woman may say) 'tis a place of very bad resort.

AIR.

But mine is the Lottery—hasten to me;
Here's scissors and satires, as sharp as can be:—
Here's a drawing of Cork—here's a cork-screw for wine,
Here are pills for the cough—and here's Gibbon's "Decline;"—
Here's a bright carving-knife—here's a learned Review—
Here's an Essay on Marriage—and here's a Cuckoo.

CHORUS.

Our Lottery—our Lottery—
Ye youths and maidens, come to me!
'Tis ne'er too late
To try your fate
In this our lucky Lottery.

"*Lady B.* I cannot sa
seen it.

"*Leath.* 'Pon my soul,
Have got a new printing-p
be glad to have some of you
—Wish you could be pre
your hand at a Battle—W
battles now, Ma'am.

Lady B. No wonder, Sir,
gent critics, the Park gu
ready to *report* the merits
ances.

Leath. Ha! ha! ha! Ve
very sharp. If you please t
Ma'am, I'll give you a sight c
cals.

Miss Hart. I look in vai
What can be the meaning
(*aside.*)

Sir C. (*Who is all this time*
to Miss Selwyn

slaves drunk; but 'twas from any thing but *love* for them, I assure you.

Sir C. What a tongue she has! But I'll *cough her down*, when we are married. (*aside.*)

Miss Hart. I suppose, Sir Charles, you know that your brother is arrived?

Sir C. My brother! impossible, Madam, impossible. He would not leave his ship to be made First Lord of the Treasury.

Miss Hart. But to be made Lord of *Love's* Treasury! (*looking archly at Miss Selwyn, and then addressing her*) Come, my dear, *you* can tell us, perhaps, whether Captain Canvas is arrived.

Miss S. How insultingly she triumphs over me. (*aside.*) Really, Miss Hartington, time makes such changes in mind as well as features, that it is possible I *may* have seen Captain Canvas, without being able to persuade myself that it was the same I had known formerly.

Miss Hart. I'll send to the hotels to inquire after him; perhaps he may be prevailed upon to join our card-party this evening. Sir Charles you have no objection to see your brother at my house?

Sir C. Me! Madam! objection, Madam! (*confused.*)——Afraid to meet the eyes of my brother! Damn'd bad sign, symptoms of a *rotten Borough* here, I fear. (*lays his hand on his heart*) Must brazen it out tho' (*aside*) Oh! no, Miss Hartington, not the least objection—My brother is well aware of the hopelessness of his

ons Susan, and exit with her.

Lady Bab. (*Coming for*
head, and giving him a le
amused and edified by that
friend, Doctor O'Jargon, tl
mist, and you may read it a

Leath. Ma'am, you do

Lady Bab. Come hither.
wyn)—I want to speak wit
ter of much importance to

Miss S. This eternal
Charles! (*aside.*)

Lady Bab. I want to as
a grand literary scheme I h

Miss S. Heav'n be prai
rature is a relief. (*aside.*)

Lady B. You must kno
some time past, employed in
Poem upon *Sal Ammoniac.*

Miss S. Upon sal amm

Lady Bab. Yes, my des

Lady Bab. Exactly so—And now—look on that venerable Chamberlain of the Muses there.

Leath. What the devil are they staring at me for? (*aside.*)

Lady Bab. That man—humble as he stands there—unconscious, as yet, of the glory that is intended him—that man shall I select for the high honour of introducing my *Ammonia* to the literary world.

Miss S. Happy man!

Lady B. And I will go home this instant and write him such an epistle on the subject, as will *electrify* him.

Miss S. I have no doubt it will.

Lady B. Sir Charles—I had nearly forgot—but there is a paper, which I have had in my pocket for you all day (*giving him a letter*)—It concerns the subject nearest your heart.—Farewell—we meet at Miss Hartington's assembly.

Leath. Give me leave, my Lady.

[*Showing her out.*

Lady B. (*To Leath.*) Man! man! thou little knowest the honour and glory to which thou wilt be *sublimated.*

[*Exit Lady Bab, Leatherhead showing her off.*

Sir C. Let's see what the old lady has given me here (*reads*)—'*Most scientific Madam!*'—Hey-dey! 'tis a letter, addressed to herself, and signed Cornelius O'Jargon, Professor of Chemistry—'*Most scientific Madam! I need not tell your Ladyship that my illustrious* com-

tryman, the Honourable Mr. Boyle, was the father of Chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork.—What the devil have I to do with the father and uncles of Chemistry? I, that am in such a hopeful genealogical way myself!—and this, she said, was 'the subject nearest my heart!' (*tearing the letter*)—What's to be done? —If my brother is arrived, and Madame de Rosier should find out that my threats against her son were mere bluster, 'tis all over with me.—What *shall* I do?—I'll try bribery—I will —They are poor, and a bribe will certainly stop their mouths—"besides, it will keep my hand in, and make me a more *saleable* article myself in future"*—for nothing breaks a man in for *taking* bribes so effectually as *giving* them. [*Exit.*

Miss S. (*Who had been occupied among the books at the back of the stage.*) Alas! who can wonder at the choice I have made? Even had Captain Canvas no other qualities to adorn him, the very fame of his heroism would be sufficient to interest me—For we women, the simplest and tenderest of us, love to fly about a blaze of celebrity, even tho' we receive but little warmth from it; and the sage and the hero are sure of us, whenever they condescend to be our suitors. Not that we have much concern with either their valour or their wisdom, for *our* pride is to produce the very reverse of

* I forget the words that are substituted for these in representation.

hose qualities which we admire in them—to ee the orator mute, the hero humbled, and he philosopher bewildered.

SONG.—*Miss Selwyn.*

Oh! think, when a hero is sighing,
  What danger in such an adorer!
What woman can dream of denying
  The hand that lays laurels before her?
No heart is so guarded around,
  But the smile of a victor will take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
  But the trumpet of glory will wake it.
Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
  And woe to the heart that allows it!
For, ah! neither smiling nor weeping
  Have pow'r, at those moments, to rouse him.
But, tho' he were sleeping so fast,
  That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast
  From the trumpet of glory would wake him.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Outside of the Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD (*bowing off, as if returned from seeing the Ladies to their Carriage.*)

Leath. Charming notion she has of books! and of booksellers too, I flatter myself—She wouldn't have been half so civil to me tho', if my fine French shopman had been in the way—That fellow's young impudent face took off all the attention of the women from me—But I've

got rid of him—pack'd him off—" and he may now starve like a wit and a gentleman, as he pretends to be" (*takes out the letter Lady Bab gave him*)—Ha! ha! ha! Bless her old tasty heart! Only think of her giving me a letter from an Irish chemist and druggist, to amuse myself with—Let's see (*putting on his spectacles.*

SUSAN *enters from behind.*

Susan. I can't think what is become of Mr. De Rosy—My poor mistress was quite in a fright at not seeing him here—Oh! there's the old Grumpus himself—

Leath. (*Reads*) '*I am determined that you shall marry my niece*—Eh! what! impossible—it's a mistake. '*I am determined that you shall marry my niece—The girl's heart is set against it*'—Oh! of course—'*but like the* copper *and* zinc *in a* voltaic battery, *the more* negative *she becomes, the more* positive *she'll find me—Come early this evening to Miss Hartington's and all shall be settled.*'—Oh! 'tis a mistake—a mistake—She gave me the wrong letter.

Susan. Pray, Sir, may Mr. De Rosy be in the shop?

Leath. No—young woman—he's pack'd off—gone to (*turning away from her, wholly occupied with the subject of the letter*)—Marry Miss Selwyn, a rich heiress!—Oh, it's a hoax—a mere hoax.

Susan. So it *is* a hoax indeed, if he told you e was going to marry any such thing—La! lir—he is not one of your marrying sort.

Leath. And yet she said something about *onour* and *glory* that were in store for me—

Susan. But in earnest, good Mr. Leatherhead, what is become of the young man?

Leath. Gone to the dogs, I tell you—kick'd ıto the streets—Don't perplex me about him.

Susan. Ah! you hard-hearted old monster! -But I *will* pester you—Kick'd into the treets! Well in spite of the crockery Dutchess, declare I could almost cry for him—And has ıe poor dear young man then, nothing to live pon?

Leath. (*Reading*) '*Copper and zinc.*'

Susan. Copper! Mercy on me—I'll go tell ıy mistress this instant—Who would have ıought it? [*Going out is met by Davy.*

Davy. Why—Susan, how plump you come p again a body! I say (*apart to her*,) just vait a minute or two here—Now, do'ee—I ha' otten a letter to gie to the old book-chap here, nd then I have something—you know (*cuningly*) I have indeed—Come—now do'ee wait, ood girl—I say, Mr. Leatherhead, here be a etter for you from Lady Bab Blue.

Leath. What! another letter! (*anxiously.*)

Davy. Ah! you may well say another and nother—Nothing but write, write, and them *istles*—(as she calls them) going off from morning till night—Ecod, she spells such power of vords in the day, that I only wonder how the oor old alphabet holds out with her.

Leath. Bless me! I'm in such a fluster, I can hardly read a line (*reads*)—'*Dear Sir! I have made up my mind completely since I saw you, and my* Ammonia, *that treasure, for which so many proposals have been made, shall be put immediately into your hands.*' Ammonia her niece's name—I shall go wild. '*Her beauties have hitherto been the delight only of a private circle; but I have no doubt, that, upon her appearance in public, she will draw the whole world to your shop.*' Oh! damn the shop—I'll shut that up immediately—I'll thow my wig at the stars—I'll——(*capering about.*)

Davy. Why—the old chap is beside himself, for sartain.

Leath. '*You doubtless are well acquainted with the history of this* volatile *creature*'—Volatile! oh! no matter for that—'*this* volatile *creature*, Ammonia, *vulgarly called* Sal *by the* apothecaries.' Her niece called *Sal* by the *apothecaries!* What the devil does she mean? Oh! I suppose a pet name, which her friend, the Irish druggist, has for her—but *I'll* always call her Ammonia—Ammonia—my dear Ammonia. (*throws his arms round Susan.*)

Susan. La! Mr. Bookseller—one would think you want me for an apprentice—you *bind* me so fast to you.

Leath. Let me see what more—'*As I can imagine your impatience to possess this treasure, call upon me this evening at Miss Hartington's, and it shall be made your own.* Just what she said in the other note—Yes—yes—I'll go—I'll go (*parades the stage consequentially*) Oh, Lea-

therhead! Leatherhead! thou wert born under a lucky asterisk! Show me a brother type out of Paternoster row, that could smuggle himself into the copy-right of an heiress of two-and twenty so neatly!

Davy. Well—I'll be shot if there isn't something in this larning that turns every parson's head that's at all concarn'd with it, and I believe what the politician at the ale house said was true, that the war, and the taxes, and the rest of the mischief, all comes of your devilish Greek and Latin. I say, Mr. Leatherhead, what answer am I to take back to my Lady?

Leath. Answer? Tell her that I'm all rapture and astonishment, that I am stark staring with wonder, like three notes of admiration—and that—I'll marry her niece in the twinkling of a semicolon.

Davy. Marry her what?

Leath. Marry her what? Her niece, puppy —my volatile, but valuable Ammonia! (*half aside.*)

Davy. What! you?

Susan. What! you? (*both laughing at him.*)

Leath. Yes, I Sir, yes, I, Madam—What he devil are you laughing at? (*Strutting from he to the other.*)

LAUGHING TRIO.

Susan, Davy and Leatherhead,

th. Girl, dost thou know me?
and Dav. Oh! what a wooer!
h. Slave! thou'rt below me!
and Dav. This wig will undo her.

Sus. and Dav. A handsome lover ...
Leath. You sha'nt get over this ;
Sus. and Dav. This laugh will end me quite
Leath. Pray heaven send it might !
Sus. and Dav. Ha, ha, ha, hah ! hah, ha !
How the fool makes me la
Oh, I shall die !
Leath. But you shall weep for this f
and-by.
[*Exeunt seve*

SCENE III.—*Madame de Rosier's Cot*

Enter DE ROSIER *and* LA FOSSE

La Fosse. Ah ! de barbare ! vat ! h
you out vidout one penny !

De Ros. Yes—La Fosse—dismissed m
his paltry service, without even a hint
remuneration which he agreed to giv
and I would starve sooner than ask him.

La Fosse. Ah ! oui—starve yourse
your po

, when all my oder little articles were
sed into de service of dis grumbling tyran
(*hand on the stomach*) I did tink de *con-*
ition would come to you at last.

Ros. What do you say, La Fosse?

Fosse. Indeed, I vas cracking joke bad
gh, Monsieur, upon my poor old *tabatière*
, and I vil go dis moment to the jeweller's,
try what I can make of him.

Ros. To the jeweller's?

Fosse. Oui, Sare, to sell this little box,
h your good father gave me, and make
best use of his present by comforting his
and child.

Ros. My kind old man! I have never
ed you as you deserved—and so it is, alas!
many humble hearts, neglected, perhaps
ted, during our prosperous moments, but
h, when the darkness of adversity arrives,
forth like the sweet night-plant, and re-
ch us only by the fragrance they breathe
our path, for the rudeness, with which we
, perhaps, trodden down their leaves in
unshine. Keep my father's présent, old
I will not hear of your parting with it.

Fosse. Pardon, Monsieur, but if I conti-
aking snuff out of silver, while my friend
want of von shilling, may my gentleman-
appée be turn into *blackguard*, and every
go the wrong way.

Ros. My faithful La Fosse! But here
s my mother—she must not know the ex
of our distresses. Women should be like

those temples of old, from which words of ill omen were carefully kept away.

Enter Madame DE ROSIER.

Mad. De Ros. My dear Henry! what is to become of us?

De Ros. Become of us? oh! every thing that is good and happy.

Mad. De Ros. You are always so sanguine, Henry!

De Ros. And why should I not, dearest mother; I have hitherto steered so safely by the star of Heaven's providence, that, even while 'tis clouded, I trust to its guidance cheerfully!

La Fosse. Ah! dat is brave boy! and here is to your good health (*taking a pinch of snuff*)—A votre santé, mon petit bonhomme!

Mad. De Ros. But what is your present plan?

De Ros. The money I am to receive from old Leatherhead will support us during my short interval of idleness, and I know a thousand situations, in which willing industry, like mine, is sure to meet with employment—In a soil like this, which liberty has fertilized, the very weakest shoots of talent thrive and flourish!

SONG.—*De Rosier.*

Tho' sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.

Oh thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
But diest of languor in Luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory when present,—
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.
Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law and no slave but the ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

[*Exit.*

Mad. De Ros. Alas! La Fosse, he little knows the cruel perplexity in which I am placed—the injured son of Lady Canvas is, I find, his friend: and if my Henry were aware of our powers of righting him, his generous nature would forget every personal consideration, and expose him to all the enmity with which that unfeeling Sir Charles threatened him.

La Fosse. (*Who has been all this time in a reverie about his snuff-box, and not attending to her.*) I do not like to lose my good rappée, either.

Mad. De Ros. Oh! that we had the means of flying from this unlucky place, where every thing conspires to perplex and agitate me.

La Fosse. If I could find de little someting to put it in. (*aside.*)

Mad. De Ros. What are you meditating, La Fosse? Does any thing occur to you?

La Fosse. And if I could
(*looking round*) Ah! I have de
Lady! where did you put that
old beggar-man did give you to-
Mad. De Ros. I know not wh
—and I must say, La Fosse, that
cupied as my mind is, it is cruel
me thus. (*sits down, much agitate*
La Fosse. (*Still looking about.*)
Lady—Ah! le voilà. (*finds it*)
you little bag, I vil do you an honn
dream of (*starts, and lets the bag f*
vat is I see?
Mad. De Ros. Why do you star
La Fosse. Start? Pardi, I have s
of a fifty pound note, looking as fre
as if he just walk out of Threadne
Mad. De Ros. What do you m
La Fosse. It cannot be real, r
touch (*takes up the note*) By gar, i
stantial a *fifty* as ever Monsieur

Mad. De Ros. Mysterious stranger! Now I feel the meaning of his words. Thou art, indeed, a medecine for many ills, (*addressing the money*) blest, if thou wert not the *cause* of still more—But oh! how many a heart thou corruptest, for the very few to which thou givest comfort.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CANVAS, *dressed for the Evening.*

Sir C. 'Tis too true, this brother of mine is arrived—Yes, yes, he thinks to *throw* me *out*, comes to *petition* against *the sitting Member*, but it won't do, he'll find me as *sedentary* as the *Long Parliament* (*looking out.*) Isn't that my ragged friend coming this way? the very fellow to manage the bribery-business for me—Nothing like an agent, a middle man upon these occasions, for your *bribe* ought never descend from too great a height, but be let down *easily* into the pocket.

Enter MR. HARTINGTON.

Ah! how do you do, old boy, how d'ye do?—The *very* man I wanted to meet.

Mr. Hart. This everlasting fool. (*aside.*)

Sir C. I dare say now, my friend, old Hartington has so often employed you, as a sort of journeyman in his works of charity, that your hand falls as naturally into a *giving* attitude as that of a physician into a *taking* one.

Mr. Hart. The art of *giving*, Sir, is not so very easily learned. It requires so much less exertion of thought to *throw away* than to *give*, that no wonder this short cut to a reputation for generosity should be generally preferred by the indolent and fashionable.

Sir C. A plague on this fellow's moral tongue —What an excellent *dinner-bell* 'twould make in *the House!* (*aside.*) But, I say, my old fellow, my reason for asking is, that I have a little charitable job upon hands myself, which must be managed, you know, in a delicate way, and in which I mean to employ you as my proxy.

Mr. Hart. I have wrong'd him then, and coxcombs *may* have hearts. (*aside.*)

Sir C. You know the cottage where I met you to-day—fine woman that, rather *passée*, to be sure, and so is her purse, I fear—*Exchequer low*, you understand me.

Mr. Hart. She is poor, Sir, but evidently has been otherwise; and of all the garbs in Poverty's wardrobe, the faded mantle of former prosperity is the most melancholy!

Sir C. So it is, quite—like a collar of last year's cut exactly, and I have therefore resolved to settle a small annuity upon that lady for her life.

Mr. Hart. Generous young man! what disinterested benevolence!

Sir C. You shall go this instant and settle the matter with her—all I ask in return is that she will (to-night, if possible) pack up all her moveables, not forgetting the old black-mus-

zled Frenchman—and be off to some remote corner of the island, where—even *the Speaker's warrant* can't reach her.

Mr. Hart. But wherefore this strange condition, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Why you must know that respectable lady has a little secret of mine in her custody: and as women make but tender-hearted gaolers, I am afraid she might let it *escape* some fine morning or other.

Mr. Hart. Ha! all is not right here. (*aside.*) Certainly—Sir Charles—I shall, with all my heart, negotiate this business for you—but—it is necessary, of course, that I should be better acquainted with the particulars—

Sir C. True—and the fact is—(remember *the Gaugers' List*, old boy,) the fact is, I have just come into a large fortune, which my eldest brother most inconveniently thinks he has a right to, and this lady and her servant are in possession of *certain* circumstances, which—um—in short—they must be got out of the way—you understand me.

Mr. Hart. I understand you *now* (*warmly*)—tho' weak enough, at first, to believe that Selfishness could, for an instant, turn from her own monstrous idol, to let fall, even by chance, one pure offering on the altar of Benevolence!

Sir C. Heyday! here are heroics!—why, what the devil do you mean, my old speechifier?

Mr. Hart. I mean, fool! that your own weak tongue has betrayed to me the whole trumpery tissue of your base, unnatural ma-

chinations, which if I do not unravel to their last thread before I sleep, may my pillow never be blessed with the bright consciousness of having done what is right before man and Heaven!

Sir C. Mr. Hartington, fellow, shall know of this insolence.

Mr. Hart. Mr. Hartington, Sir, despises, as *I* do, the man, however highly placed, who depends upon the venality of others for the support of his own injustice, and whose purse, like packages from an infected country, is never opened but to spread contamination around it!

Sir C. Why, thou pauper!—thou old ragamuffin! that look'st like a torn-up *Act of Insolvency*, how darest thou speak thus to a man of family and a Senator? Venture but to breathe another syllable in this style, and I'll show you such a specimen of the accomplishments of a gentleman as shall--(*advancing close to Mr. Hartington in a boxing attitude, when De Rosier, who has entered behind during this last speech, steps between them and turns away Sir C.'s arm.*)

De Ros. Hold, Sir!—Is this your bravery? 'Twas but just now I found you insulting a woman, and now I find your valour up in arms against a poor defenceless old man!—Go—go—I said that you should account to me for your conduct; but there are persons, Sir Charles, who, like insects that lose their sting in wounding, become too contemptible for our resentment even in the very act of offending us.

Sir C. Was there ever an M. P. so treated? If this is not *a breach of privilege*, then is the *Lex Parliamenti* a mere flourish—a flim-flam! Damme—I'll send them both to *the Tower.* (*aside.*)

Mr. Hart. Your pretensions, Sir——

Sir C. Order! order! spoke twice—spoke twice—Curse me if I stay any longer to be harangued by this brace of orators—Better get off with a whole skin, tho'. (*aside.*) Gentlemen—my sedan chair is in waiting to take me to Miss Hartington's, where if *you*, Sir, have any thing further to say to me (*advancing stoutly to De Rosier,*) you will find me all the evening—Safe enough in that—daren't show his nose there. (*aside.*)

Mr. Hart. One word before——

Sir C. No—no—you'll excuse me—your attacks upon me already have been so very much *out of order* that they force me to throw myself on the *protection* of the *Chairmen*—Chair! Chair! Chair!

[*Exit, calling his chair.*

Mr. Hart. This conspiracy must be sifted to the bottom—The lady of the cottage shall come to my house this evening—Young gentleman, I thank you for your interference; and I pray you, let me know to whom I am indebted for it.

De Ros. To one as pennyless as yourself, old man!

Mr. Hart. Another claim upon me!—Kind Heaven! what luck thou hast thrown in my

Mr. Hart. Come the
my humble meal.

De Ros. What, thine
yet——False pride! tho
I will tame thee. (*aside*
friend, *most* willingly,—
fare, the truer foretaste i
lot that Heaven prepare

Mr. Hart. Come, the
over our scanty beverag
blessing sent for the poor
the sweetener of the cup
quet.'

SCENE V. *An Anticha*
ton

Enter LEAT

Leath. Not come ye
beats! I think this suit c
does charmingly—(*admi*

shall find me in raptures over the last letter she sent me. (*reads it with ridiculous gesticulations.*)

Enter LADY BAB.

Lady Bab. Ay—there he is—happy man! quite *saturated* with the idea of getting my MS. into his hands. I perceive, Mr. Leatherhead, that you are *pleased* with the thoughts of possessing my *Ammonia.*

Leath. Pleased, Ma'am, I am astonished, Ma'am—it has made me wild, Ma'am—turned me upside down, like a Hebrew Spelling-Book, Ma'am.

Lady B. I knew the effect it would have upon him. (*aside.*) You will find, I trust, Sir, that notwithstanding the *volatility* of my subject, and the various philosophic amours in which *Ammonia* is engaged (*he starts,*) I have taken care that no improper warmth should appear upon the surface, but that the little of that nature, which *does* exist, should be what we chemists call *latent heat.*

Leath. Ay, true, your Ladyship mentioned in your letter that she was a little volatile—but, bless your heart! that is no sort of consequence—it will only make herself and me the more fashionable.

Lady B. You are not perhaps aware, Mr. Leatherhead, of the *discoveries* that have lately been made respecting *Ammonia.*

Leath. Discoveries! oh ho! here comes the secret of my getting her—some *faux-pas* of

when an *explosion* takes plac

Leath. Mercy on me! the women of quality! (*aside.*) mission my Lady, what may be that have lately been m Ammonia?

Lady B. *Miss* Ammonia keeps up the personification! been found that a lively, *elect*

Leath. A spark! ay—I gue (*aside.*)

Lady B. Has produced a effect upon Ammonia.

Leath. I don't doubt it. (*asi* my Lady, where did this li from?

Lady B. From the *battery*,

Leath. From the battery! Artillery Officer, I suppose, helped—second-hand book—

expose any thing so delicately brilliant to the rigours of criticism, would be what is called putting a rainbow into a crucible!

Leath. Well, I hope not—but I say, my Lady, I think I have some reason to expect that, in the *money* arrangements between us—

Lady B. Well, Sir.

Leath. Why, that some additional consideration will be made to me for the little flaw in Miss's character—

Lady B. Flaw, Sir! give me leave to tell you, Sir, that the character of Ammonia has been kept up from beginning to end—

Leath. Oh! I dare say—pains enough taken to keep it up—but patching seldom does—and you confess yourself that your niece is rather —you know. (*putting his finger to his nose.*)

Lady B. My niece, man, what do you mean?

Leath. Oh! I don't mean to say that it makes any difference, but you own that your niece has been rather a comical sort of a young lady—

Lady B. My niece comical? I am thunder-struck—explain yourself, dotard, this instant—

Leath. Lord bless your Ladyship's heart, don't be in a passion, for, notwithstanding all this, I'll marry her in a jiffey.

Lady B. Marry her!

Leath. Yes, without saying one word more of her flaws or her comicalness.

Lady B. I see how it is—his brain is turned with the thoughts of being my publisher. (aside)

reads it.) and here the o
not an hour ago, in whic
am to have Miss this ver
her name is *Ammonia*, t
called *Sal* by the *apotheca*

Lady B. I understand
and this is the cause of t
after all, instead of triu
imagined, in the possessi
manuscript—But I'll be
Here, Davy, kick that imp
out of the house.

Davy. I wool, my Lady

Lady B. And teach the
to know how superior is t
Muses, to that which is fe
young women, the former
pyreal gas, the latter (to
mere *inflammable phlogiston*

Davy. I wool, my Lady—
that in no time

form the ceremony, only, instead of Miss's *hand*, you are to have my *foot*, you understand me.

Leath. One word before you proceed—I don't much mind for myself, but I have got on a poor poet's best blue breeches.

Davy. Don't tell me of a poet's blue breeches—I must do as mistress bid me—But come, you shall have a fair chance at starting too—there now. (*gives room for him to run past him.*)

Leath. Bless me! bless me! that a bookseller should be obliged to carry a large *impression of Foote's Works* behind him!

[*Runs off, and Davy after him.*

SCENE VI.—*Lighted-up Apartments; with folding Doors, within which are discovered Lady* BAB, *Sir* CHARLES, *Miss* SELWYN, *and Capt.* CANVAS, *at Cards—Miss* HARTINGTON *standing by them.*

Enter DE ROSIER.

De Ros. Where am I? It seems to me like a dream of enchantment, and as if this strange old man were the magician that called it up. He bid me wander fearlessly through these splendid apartments, and he would soon be with me—I have seen nothing, as I passed along, but rich sparkling lamps and vases breathing with flowers; and I have heard, at a distance, the sounds of sweet voices, that recall to me the times when I was gayest and happiest—(*During this speech Miss Hartington*

Miss Hart. Mr. De Rosie

De Ros. (*Starting.*) Hea
or is it indeed Miss Harting
intrusion, Madam, but——

Miss Hart. Oh! call it n
is not in this world, one mo
his hand)—Yet—my father
company assembled—how c
main? (*aside.*)

De Ros. Allow me to
have been led into this awkw
but venerable old man, wh
menial of this house, and w
(*hesitating.*)

Miss Hart. He has come
How strange, but oh! hov
Then, you *must* stay—I i
staying—

De Rosier. (*Turning awa*
her kindness.) No—no—*dear*

Sir C. (*Who, during the fa*

Miss Hart. I must not let him perceive my agitation. (*aside*) Perhaps, Sir Charles, *you* will be more successful in prevailing upon him. [*Retires.*

Sir C. Ma'am, I'll *second your motion* with all my heart—tho', after *you*, I can hardly hope to—Pray, (*tapping De Rosier on the shoulder, who turns frowningly.*)

De Ros. Well, Sir!

Sir C. The Devil! This hectoring young emigrant—oh my nerves! (*aside*)—Ah! took the hint, I see and came after me—but, you observe, there are ladies here, and I'd rather put it off till to-morrow morning, if you please, or—the morning after, or—any time in the course of the winter.

De Ros. Make your mind easy, Sir,—there is not the least danger, I assure you, of our ever being antagonists, unless by some fatality I should grow so feeble and defenceless as to tempt *you* to become the aggressor. [*Turns away and retires.*

Sir C. Thank you, Sir, very kind indeed. What the devil right has this vapouring shopman to be here! must turn him out—must turn him out—*enforce the Standing Order* for the *exclusion of strangers*—(*Turns round to look at Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn, who have been all this time employed in an explanation about the miniature, which appears to end amicably.*) What! my brother so close with Miss Selwyn! um—this won't do—(*advances to them and seems anxious to get him away from her*)—*I say, my dear* Captain—most happy, of course

to see you back from sea, but give me leave to tell you that, in *this* quarter *I* am the *duly elected Representative*, while *you* are——(*with contempt.*)

Capt. C. What, Sir? (*firmly.*)

Sir C. Oh! simply the *Returning Officer*—and—a word in your ear (*apart*)—as you have been so unlucky here, I think you had better try *Old Sarum* yonder. (*Pointing to Lady B.*)

Capt. C. Brother you have robbed me of every worldly advantage, and Heaven, for its own wise purpose, seems to favour your usurpation—but *here* I have a claim, (*taking Miss Selwyn's hand,*) acknowledged warmly and faithfully, which never, *never*, while I have life, will I resign.

Lady B. Why, niece, are you mad? or can you seriously mean, Miss, to degrade the *standard* blood of the Blues by this *base alloy* of illegitimacy and poverty?

Miss S. You know already, Madam, what I think of the claims of Sir Charles, (*Sir C. advances smirking towards her*)—that they are surpassed in hollowness only by his heart (*Sir C. returns to his former place, disappointed*)—Capt. Canvas has been indeed, unfortunate; but tho' Love is often as blind as Fortune, and sometimes even puts on the bandage of that goddess, in *this* instance he sees with his own warm unerring eyes, and turns from the adopted *changeling* of Fortune, to acknowledge the true genuine inheritor of his soul. (*giving her hand to Capt. Canvas.*)

Miss Hart. How perfectly my own feelings if I could but dare to utter them! (*aside.*) But, see, my father!

Sir C. Odso—I'm quite happy—have long wished to know your father, Miss Hartington! ——*Thrown out* in the *other*—must *canvas here.* (*aside.*)

Miss Hart. I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him.

Enter MR. HARTINGTON, *in his own dress.*

Mr. Hart. Now for the crowning of this sweet day's task! (*aside.*)

Miss Hart. (*Leading Sir C. to him.*) Father! Sir Charles Canvas.

Mr. Hart. (*Turning round.*) Your humble servant, Sir, (*Sir C. starts and sneaks off —Mr. H. following him*)—What! do you turn away from me? the '*old pensioner*'—your '*gauger-that-is-to-be?*' Go, go, weak man—When fools turn engineers of mischief, the recoil of their own artillery is the best and surest punishment of their temerity—Capt. Canvas! you are welcome—we must soon call you by another title; tho' heraldry can furnish none so honourable as that which the brave man earns for himself—Mr. De Rossier, forgive me for the embarrassment I must have caused you, by so unprepared an introduction among strangers. And daughter! I have two more guests for your assembly, whom this gentleman, (*pointing to Sir C.*) I have no doubt, will recognize with no less pleasure than he exhi-

bited upon being presented to me. Come, Madam, (*leads in Madame De Rosier and La Fosse.*)

Sir C. So, so—I see 'tis all over with me. (*aside.*)

Mr. Hart. This lady and her servant were present at the marriage of the late Lady Canvas, and will have much satisfaction, I doubt not, in being introduced to the rightful heir of the family, Captain Sir William Canvas.

Mad. De Ros. (*Addressing herself to Capt. C.*) I am happy, Sir, that it is in my power to pay a tribute to the memory of my friend, by doing justice to the rights of a son, whom, I know, she loved most tenderly.

La Fosse. (*Running up to Capt. C.*) Ah! den it is your ear I have pinch'd so often—Got bless my soul!

Lady Bab. So then, I find your are *not* Sir Charles Canvas, after all?

Sir C. No—Ma'am—nothing but plain Charly Canvas, Esq.; to which you may add M. P. till the next *dissolution.*

Lady Bab. I declare that alters the result materially; and I begin to think it would not be altogether wise to trust my niece's fortune to you: for tho' you are a lively *mercurial* fellow, yet we chemists know that gold, when *amalgamated* with *quicksilver*, becomes very brittle, and soon flies.

Sir C. So then—there's an end to all my dignities; and now that I am decidedly *out*, it is high time for me to *resign*—Brother, I wish

you joy—and my Lords and Gentleman—(Ladies and Gentlemen I mean) for any other little delinquencies I have been guilty of, I must only *throw myself on the mercy of the House.*

Mr. Hart. (*Coming forward with a miniature, which has, since his last speech, been given to him, with some dumb-show explanation, by Miss Selwyn and Capt. Canvas.*) Daughter! (*with assumed severity*) here is a circumstance, which requires serious explanation.

Miss Hart. My father!

Mr. Hart. You gave this miniature of yourself, to Mr. De Rosier?

Miss Hart. What! I? Oh! never. Mr. De Rosier (*appealing to him.*)

De Ros. No—Madam—you *did* not give it. I confess with shame——

Mr. Hart. Come children—your friends here have let me into a secret about you—you love each other, and I rejoice, Sir, that my daughter's heart has anticipated mine in doing justice to your merits. Take her, and be happy; and may the events of this day be long remembered as a source of hope to the injured, and of warning to the unjust—of kindly omen to the faithful in love, and of sweet solace to the patient in adversity!

FINALE.

De Rosier, Capt. Canvas, Miss Selwyn, Miss Hartington, and Chorus.

De Rosier.

How sweet the day hath ended!
Ne'er yet has sun descended

Leaving bliss
So dear as this
To gild the dreams of night,
Chorus. How sweet the day hath ended! etc.

Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn.

The bright star yonder
As soon can wander
As I from thee,
As thou from me,
Chorus. How sweet the day, etc.

Miss Hartington.

Hope's rose had nearly perish'd,
No breath its budding cherish'd:
But one hour
Hath wak'd the flow'r
In Love's own tenderest light;
Chorus. How sweet the day, etc.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR, THE

TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TRIFLES REPRINTED.

DEDICATION.

To ST——N W——LR——E, Esq.

MY DEAR W——E,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,* leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W——E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge of me rather

* Ariosto, Canto 35.

245, PICCADILLY,
March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

The Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—p-p—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,"* those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H-tch-d's counter,

* Herrick.

Book; and it occured to m
being such a letter-writing
Twopenny Post Epistles,
verse, would be as light and
I could possibly select for
I did not think it prudent, bo
many Letters at first, and
been obliged (in order to ek
number of pages) to reprint
fles, which had already appe
journals. As in the battles
the shades of the departed
seen among the combatants
might remedy the thinness
conjuring up a few dead an
merons to fill them.

Such are the motives and a
to the present publication;
first time my Muse has eve
the go-cart of a Newspaper,
a parent's delight at seeing li

sides a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*, so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

which he had so long [illegible]
him. There is not one syll
story. For the magnanimit
these persons I would, inde
swer too rashly; but of the
ter towards my friend, I ha
cation in declaring, that it
to be such as he must remer
gratitude; a gratitude th
and warmly paid, from its n
curred solely on his own acc
ness shared with those near
him.

To the charge of being
Mr. Brown pleads guilty;
must also be acknowledged
Roman Catholic family: a
am aware is decisive of his
in the eyes of those excl
Christianity, so worthy to l
lowers of a certain enlighte

mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects; all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife, and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ——, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended with all becoming gravity to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over: they are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lanthorn, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall, therefore, give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my

page 73. In the line "Sive per Syrte
it is proposed, by a very trifling al
"*Surtees*" instead of "Syrteis" which
it is said, more home to the noble
gives a peculiar force and aptness to
tuosas." I merely throw out this em
learned, being unable myself to decid

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, &c.

Elapsæ manibus cecidêre tabellæ.—*Ovid.*

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR-NC-SS CH——E OF W——S TO THE LADY B——RB——A A——SHL——Y.*

MY dear Lady BAB, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out date)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord ELD—N first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his king—that a Popish young Lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist my dear)

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry
For Papa always does what t
advise,
On condition that they'll be, in
As, in no case whatever, to
right—
" Pretty doings are here, Sir
cries,
While by dint of dark eyebro
look wise)
" 'Tis a scheme of the Roman
" God !
" To ride over your most R
" roughshod
" Excuse, Sir, my tears—they'r
" source—
" Bad enough 'twas for Troy to
" *Horse*,
" But for us to be ruin'd by *Pon*
Quick a Council is call'd the

As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's
The doctor and he, the devout man of Leather,
V—NS—TT—T, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chapter VI. Revelations— [one
Nay, they verily think they could point out the
Which the Doctor's friend death was to canter upon!

Lord H—RR—BY, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection, [tion.
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protec-

"If the PR—NC—SS *will* keep them, (says
"Lord C—STL—R—GH—)
"To make them quite harmless the only true way,
"Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their
"wives)
"To flog them within half an inch of their lives—

"The new *Veto* snaffle to
"noses—
"A pretty contrivance, mad
"Which appears to indulg
"restrains;
"Which, however high-me
"someness checks,
"(Adds his Lordship human
"their necks!"

This proposal receiv'd prett
From the statesmen aroun
breaking clause
Had a vigour about it, whic
Even ELD—N himself to a m
So the snaffles, my dear, we
con.
And my Lord C—STL—R—G
In the *fettering* line, is to bu

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M——H——N TO G——L FR—NC—S L——CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book.*
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independant trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good;
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——E, good Sir, the P——E has read i
(The only Book himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE'S.)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
The best wigg'd P——E in Christendom!

* See the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances* and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era;
When England's monarch need but say
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH,"
Or—"hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"
And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But pray, whate'er you may impart, write,
Somewhat more brief than Major C—RT-
WR—GHT.
Else, though the P——E be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wig-
ging—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
And you'd have laugh'd had you seen how
He scar'd the CH—NC—LLOR just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "MUFTI!"

The Tailors too have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
(While Y—RM—TH's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
And all things fitting and expedient
To *Turkify* our gracious R—G—NT!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
So, send your system—

Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school,

Include those only, plump
Who've reach'd the *regul*
That is—as near as one c
From Peerage dates—full

This rule's for *fav'rites*—n
For, as to *wives*, a Grand
Though not decidedly *wit*
Need never care one curs

* The learned Colonel mu
scription of the Mysterious l
Abdalla, Son of Hanif, wher
order of nature are said to l
score of old women and the ss
played here and there in the c
thing, others at tip-cat or at
"There is nothing, believe m
those lovely wrinkles," etc. e
East, Vol. III. pp. 607, 608.

LETTER I[illegible]

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y——.*

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old
"sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good din-
ners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E——GH,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-
"Cook, of course!
"While you live—(what's there under that
"cover, pray, look)—
"While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er
"keep a She-Cook.
"'Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that
"toast)
"Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule
"the roast;
"For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's un-
"common)—
"Like Masonry, never found out by a wo-
"man!"

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M——— of H—d—t.

For his Speech to the J-
would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it c
bowl,
To reward such a loyal a
We were all in high gig-
Tokay
Travell'd round, till our
the same way;
And we car'd not for Jur
damme! nor
Ev'n for the threats of last S

More good things were ea
Tom T—rrh—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you
merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Jus
Say—sated with turtle—"
"beef"—
Tommy whisper'd him (priv

And the dish set before him—oh dish well-
devised!
Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, "a calf's-
"head surpris'd!"
The *brains* were near ——; and *once* they'd
been fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in
wine,
That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains
at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every
one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim.
"Con."
At which H—D—T with warm reminiscences
gloated,
And E—B'R—H chuckled to hear himself
quoted. [new,
Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevo-
lent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons,
or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing
their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—D—T gave M——Y, and *I* gave ——.

In short, not a soul till this morning would
budge— [J——E
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the

[illegible]—c has a sly dose
For poor T—MMY T—[illegible]
quaff—
As I feel I want somethin
And there's nothing so g
kept close
To his Cornwall accounts

LETTER

FROM THE RIGHT HON. [illegible]
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR

LAST week, dear N—CH—[illegible]
At dinner with our Secretar
When all were drunk, or pr
(The time [illegible]

"Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
"With all the dirt ev'n *you* can pick up—
"But, as the P——E—(here's to him—fill—
"Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
"To humbug them with kind professions,
"And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
"*Rogue*"—"*traitor*"—hiccup—and all that—
"You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!—
"You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore!*
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then
Ought now, in turn be damn'd again!—
The silent victim still to sit
Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
To hear ev'n noisy M—TH—W gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!
Oh! 'tis too much, who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.

* In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again!

Of Bulls, half Irish and
Of Doctrines, now belie
Of Councils, held for me
Yet always ending in da
(Which shows that, sinc
Your Priests, whate'er t
Have always had a taste
And many more such pi
To prove (what we've l
That, mad as Christians
About the thirteenth Ce
There's *lots* of Christians
In this, the nineteenth, j
Farewell—I send with t
A rod or two I've had in
Wherewith to trim old G
The rest shall go by Mo

* This a bad name for po
worse.—As Prudentius says u

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.—*
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—†
v. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprizing!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'Finns, O'Fagans,
Connors, and Tooles, all downright Pagans!
This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
No—no—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him not a tittle!

* * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—— TO LADY ——.

My dear Lady——! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little
Rout—

*—— lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat. *Pers.* Sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Galiæus—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis manasse."

(By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment got mine—
The Mail Coach Edition*—prodigiously fine!)

But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND last night,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!
Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*

But, my dear Lady ——! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the R—G—NT—*that* show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways;
Which—considering, you know, dear, the size of the two—

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail Coach copies of Rokeby.

Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get
though,
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways
so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work
at all!
(Apropos, though of love-work—you've heard
I hope,
That NAPOLEON's old Mother's to marry the
POPE,—
What a comical pair!)* but, to stick to my
Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck
out.
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN ar-
riv'd?
No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?
No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of
fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters
back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently
black—
A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a
sight
That would people one's house for one, night
after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too
much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they
touch)

——y
And the only stray
Has been at such
cools)
As old Mrs. V——N

But, in short, my d
TSCHITSTOPSC
Are the only things
smooth off—
So, get me a Russi
debtor—
If he brings the whole
better:
And—Lord! if he wou
Off his fish-oil and can
up!

An revoir, my sweet gir
haste—
Little GUNTER has brou

If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,* IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN, (happy thou !)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure !
Nutmeg of Comfort ! Rose of Pleasure !
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders !
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population;
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation,
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,

* I have made inquiries about this Persian Gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P——e and Mr. L—ck—e in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters.—How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

I own I like their n
They are so Persiar

You know our SUNNI
Whom every pious S
Or longs to flog†—'tis
To God, but in an ill
With neither arms, no
Stuck in their right, c

* "C'est un honnête hon
nor of De Ruyter, "c'est
Chrétien."

† *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are
which the Mahometan world
gone on cursing and persecu
any intermission, for about ele
Sunni is the established sect
in Persia; and the differenc
chiefly upon those important
friend Abdallah, in the true
dancy, reprobates in

'Tis true, they worship ALI's name—
Their Heaven and *ours* are just the
(A Persian Heaven is eas'ly made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.)
Yet—though we've tried for centuries
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slipp
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb
chins†
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I ran
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must* at bottom be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day,
(According to a form that's set)
And, far from torturing, only let

* "Les Turcs ne détes ent pas Ali réciproquement
u contaire ils le reconnaissent," etc. etc.—*Chardin.*
† "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sun-
tes consider as a great abomination."—*Mariti.*
‡ For these points of difference, as well as the Chap-
of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having
Book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan
ts.

All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet them.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to us, (the Establish'd sect,)
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose;
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mothers wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,
That hour, the happiest and the last?
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn;
Not half so sweet through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that sweet precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart,
United live and die;
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye!*

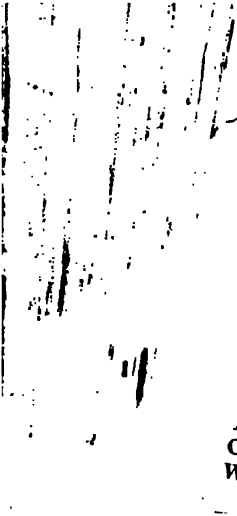
LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO —— ——, ESQ.†

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it thro'— [do.
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twould not
Clever work, Sir! would *get up* prodigiously well,
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

† From motives of delicacy, and indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix.



ruses higher
think it
Not even such
However, Sir, i
And at somewhi
men.

Since the Cheva
lately,
The trade is in wa
No job, Sir, more
plann'd,
A month aboard s
Puts your Quarto o
hand.

An East-India pamp
tell!
And a lick at the Pap
Or, supposing you've
Write Parodies, Sir, a
you

Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues.*)
Or, in case nothing else in this world you can do,
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*
Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—TT, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row**)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages to Town:
And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to pay,)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the Scheme is (though none of our Hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few Villas, before Sc—TT approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least WOBURN-ABBEY.
Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next week;

* Paternoster Row.

FROM COLONEL T

COME to our Fête,
Thy newest best e
Come to our Fête,
That pea-green coa
Which charm'd all
When B——L's self
When Cits came wo
And thought thee Po
Oh! come—(if haply
For looking pale)—wi
Though more we love
When the rich rouge-
Full o'er thy face, and,
Tips ev'n thy whisker-
Like the last tints of dy
That o'er some darkl

[redacted]

Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—G—T's self alone!
Who, by particular desire,
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire;
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of Actors!* best of R—G—TS!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!
Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors;
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!
Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor;
Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away.†

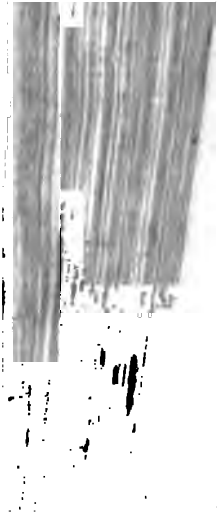
* Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, etc.—*Horat.*

The man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth,
Let them say what they will, that's the man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

Illum ——————
—— non equus impiger
Curru duced *A chaico.*

† To those, who neither go to balls, nor read the Morning Post it may be necessary to mention, that the



—ou many a
That sparkle in
O'er the white p
Like Nymphs al
At every step a
And suns grow di
So passeth life—(
And spinsters rea
Hours are not feet
Time is not chalk,

But hang this long
I meant to say, thou
What falsehood ran
Who say, the P——
Neglects the arts !—
Thy Cupids answer
And every floor, that
How quick thou daub
Shine as thou may'st

floors of

Thou'rt *best* beneath a French cotillion;
And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate;
While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact will be
The former Fête's *fac simile*;*
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
Bearing Good Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;
And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present!
The same *fauteuils* and girondoles,
The same gold Asses,† pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!

* "C—rl—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid Draperies," etc. etc.—*Morning Post.*

† The salt-cellars on the P——e's *own* table, were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes;
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
Some Sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
The R—G—T) are as good as *Gold!*
So, prythee, come—our Fête will be
But half a Fête if wanting thee!

J. T.

TRIFLES

REPRINTED.

ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.

TRIFLES.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."—*Lord* Castlereagh's *Speech upon Colonel* M'Mahon's *Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said
"I'll think of Viscount C—STL—R—GH,
"And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dream'd—oh frightful dream!
FUSELI has no such theme;
——— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror half so horrid!
Methought the P——E, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians;

When lo! the Papers,
As if at some Magicia
Began to flutter of then
From desk and table, fl
And, cutting each some
Advanc'd, oh jacobinic
As though they said "O
"To suffocate his Royal
The Leader of this vile s
Was a huge Catholic Pe
With grievances so full a
It threaten'd worst of all
Then Common Hall addr
In swaggering sheets, and
Right at the R—g—t's we
As if *determined* to be rea
Next Tradesmen's Bills be
And Tradesmen's bills, we
Nay, ev'n Death-Warrants
Be lively too, and join the
But, oh, the basest of defe

I walk'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this dream prove true;
"Though Paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P—rc—v—l's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—rm—th and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,
With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
For, though H—rtf—rd House had long settled the question,

man;
A strait waistcoast on him,
me,
A more *limited* Monarchy
I was call'd upon then, in t
zle,
To choose my own minister
zle
A playful young bear, and t
aster,
By bidding him choose out
master.

I thought the best way, a
Was to do as Old Royalty'
done.
So I sent word to say, I wou
batch in,
The same chest of tools, wi
patching;
For tools of this kind, like Ma

at improvement had spoiled any favourite
adviser—
at R—SE was grown honest, or W—STM—RE-
L—ND wiser—
at R—D—R was, ev'n by one twinkle, the
brighter—
L—V—RP—L's speeches but half a pound
lighter—
ıat a shock to his old royal heart it would
be!
!—far were such dreams of improvement
from me:
l it pleased me to find, at the house, where,
you know,
ɜre's such good mutton cutlets, and strong
curaçoa,*
ıt the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old
boy,
l my Y—RM—TH's red whiskers grew red-
der for joy!

'ou know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I
would,
the law of last Sessions I *might* have done
good.
might have withheld these political noodles
m knocking their heads against hot Yankee
Doodles;
ight have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
ht have smooth'd her with hope—but you
know I did not.

* The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

shen,
We've been all of us nearly
You smile at my hopes—but
Are the last that can think t
die!

A new era's arrived—th
believe it—
And all things, of course, r
ceive it.
New villas, new fêtes (whic
attends)—
New saddles, new helmets,
friends?

* * *
* * *

I repeat it "New Friends".
scribe
The delight I am in with
tribe.
Such capering! Such vapou

When I think of the glory they've beam'd on
my chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains!
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and
riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with
breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis
granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much
wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain,
Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
Then how WELLINGTON fights! and how
squabbles his brother!
For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a City,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Com-
mittee!
Oh deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not
an inch.
No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they
will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent*
still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and
riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd af-
fections
Are just danc'd about for a moment or two.

And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal—except (now I think on't) BEAU BR—MM—L,
Who threaten'd last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K—NG into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings,
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now,)
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking,)
I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation
"Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter,
(No man, except POLE, could have writ you a better,)
'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long

th the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,
uld a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
let *too* much light in on me never would do;
: even GREY's brightness shan't make me afraid,
ile I've C—MD—N and ELD—N to fly to for shade;
r will HOLLAND's clear intellect do us much harm,
ile there's W-STM-REL-ND near him to weaken the charm.
for MOIRA's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
e joining with H-RTF-RD and Y-RM-TH will do it!
tween R-D-R and WH-RT-N let SHERIDAN sit,
d their fogs will soon quench even SHERIDAN's wit;
d against all the pure public feeling that glows
'n in WHITBREAD himself we've a Host in G-RGE R-SE!
in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
d I'll thank you to tell all these matters to GREY,
o, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose,) [news;
the twopenny post to tell GRENVILLE the

And now, dearest FRED, (though I've no predilection.)
Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to P-RC-L going—
Good Lord! how St. Stephen's will ring with his Crowing!

ANACREONTIC TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can,
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——E's Plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——E to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——E's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of PRIOR's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of Easy kind, cornuted mates!

Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third!
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird, that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright!
Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
Books, that shun the search of men;
Books, that far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now—alas how much!
Only fit for Y—RM—TH's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G——GE's Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE" and all's complete.

THROUGH M—NCH—ST—
ter just now—
Met the *old yellow chai*
bow.
This I did, of course, thi
civil,
But got such a look—ol
devil!
How unlucky!—*incog.* he
And I, like a noodle, mus

Mem.—when next by the
ride,
To remember there *is* not

At Levee to-day made an
What *can* be come over n
The P——E was as cheer
He had never been troub

And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord, how GERAMB would triumphantly scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion!*

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly Gay—
Given by Lady C—STL—R—GH.
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the R—G—T nam'd
"*Had I heart for falsehood fram'd.*"
While gentle H—ATF—D begg'd and pray'd
For "*Young I am and sore afraid.*"

EPIGRAM.†

WHAT news to-day?—"Oh! worse and worse,
"M— is the PR——E's Privy Purse!"

* England is not the only country, where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

† This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly, to the Pr—c—ss of W—es. I have merely versified it.

KING CRACK* AN

WRITTEN AFTER THE LA

A NEW M—

KING CRACK was the best
(At least, so his Courtie
gladly,)
But CRACK now and th
things,
And, at last, took to
sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS
plac'd
In father's old *Cal*
much,
That he knelt down and
such was his taste!
They were monstrous t
to touch!

And these were the beautiful gods of KING
CRACK!
Till his People, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—
"You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do
"for *Kings*."

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning
"Great Cæsar!
"We are willing to worship; but only entreat
"That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

" says KING CRACK—then they fur-
d'd him models
er shap'd Gods, but he sent them all
r;
e chisel'd too fine, some h[illegible] heads
ad of noddles,
, they were all *much* too godlike for
ACK!

: to his darling old IDOLS again,
t mending their legs and new bronz
their faces,
fiance of Gods and of men,
monsters up grinning once more in
r places!

sway,
And coolly spout and spou
In one weak, washy, everla

EPIGRAM

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CAT
AND HIS R—Y—L H—G
D—E OF C—B—

SAID his Highness to NED, w
of his,
"Why refuse us the *Vet*
"NEDDY!"—
"Because, Sir," said NED, k
phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough,
"already!"

From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us,
Those who rule and (some say) fool us—
FLORA, sure, will love to please
England's HOUSEHOLD DEITIES!*
First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—FF—RD can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old ELD—N's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
For the head of L—V—RP—L!—
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris city.

Next, our C—STL—R—GH to crown,
Bring me, from the County DOWN,

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods, See Juvenal, Sat. 9. *v.* 133.—Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statues." ῥιννυωδεις και ποινιμους δαιμονας.

And as, Goddess! – entre n
His Lordship loves (though
A little *torture*, now and th
Crimp the leaves, thou first
Crimp them with thy curling

That's enough—away, away
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that gro
Must be pluck'd to deck Ol
How the DOCTOR's brow sho
Crown'd with wreaths of ca
But time presses—to thy tast
I leave the rest, so, prithee, h

* Certain tinsel imitation
are distributed by the serva
every Patrick's Day.

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HE MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FETE.

"I want the Court-Guide," said my Lady
"to look
"If the house, Seymour Place, be at 30 o
"20"—
"We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, bu
"here's the *Red Book*,
"Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymou*
"PLACES in plenty!"

HORACE, ODE xi. LIB. ii.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.*

COME,† Y—RM—TH, my boy, never troubl
your brains,
About what your old croney,
The Emperor BONEY,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

* This and the following are extracted from work, which may, some time or other, meet the ey of the Public—entitled, "Odes of Horace, done int English by several Persons of Fashion."

† Quid bellicosus Cantabar et Scythes
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere.

Stannaries!

Brisk let us revel,
For† the gay bloom
And then p
And infirm,
And‡ a wig (I confes
That it frightens th
wits;
Thy§ whiskers, too, Y
they,
Though so ro
Too quickly m
(What a heart-brea
whiskers!) to G
Then‖ why, my Lord W
you fidget
Your mind about mat

* Nec trepides in usun
Poscentis ævi pauca

Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter,
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the by,)
How* much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old CHARLEY, my friend here, and drink like a new one;
While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me, just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

To† crown us, Lord Warden!
In C—MB—RL—ND's garden
Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

* Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere———
† ————————rosâ
Canos odorati capillos
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.

Or† who will repa
Unto M——— Sc
And see if the gentle *Ma*
Go—bid her haste
And‡ let her bring
The newest No-Popery S
Oh!§ let her come, with h
ing,
All gentle and Juvenile, (
In the manner of—Acki
May!

† ——— Quis puer ocyus
Restinguet ardentis Faler
Pocula *prætereunte lym*
‡ Quis ——— eliciet domo
Lyden?
§ Eburna dic age cum lyra (
Maturet.
Incomtum Lacænæ
More comam religata nodi

HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

THE* man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces!

No† want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger
He does not care one single d–mn!

Whether‡ midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

* Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

† Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra.

‡ Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The noble translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones,) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

For* instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim and big—
[illegible]d but frown, and off he started,
[illegible]ar'd at me even without my wig!

[illegible] a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
[illegible]oes not to Mass in Dublin City,

Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

[illegible]nnot help calling the reader's attention to the [illegible]r ingenuity with which these lines are para-phra[illegible]. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist, (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a Wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditis*," (or, as it has been otherwise read,) *causis* "*expeditis*," and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

† Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

Oh!* place me midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
Or place where Dick M—rt—n rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara;

Oft† Church and State I'll warble still
Though ev'n Dick M—rt—n's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill
So‡ lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

* Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—rt—being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair t make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

† Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

‡ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustra tion of the inseparability of Church and State, an their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, c course, represents the State in this ingenious littl Allegory.

Jack fell down,
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I never give a kiss (says Prue)
To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss 'tis true:
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it!

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine!*

TO ——— ———.

—

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo.*

—

Die when you will, you need not wear
At heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An Angel *ready-made* for Heaven!

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—*See his Life.*

THE
NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS

———— Nova monstra creavit.
Ovid Metamorph. L. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major CAMAC,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI.
"Let's see" said the R—G—T (like TITUS perplex'd
With the duties of empire) "whom *shall* I dress "next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
With whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair.

* That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—"timore tonsoris," says Lampridius. (Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute AElius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See Jul. Capitolin.)—

THE GENTLEMA

"Legge
S'ei piace, ei lice.

COME, fly to these arms,
bloomy
To one frigid owner be
Your prudes may revile, a
gloomy,
But, dearest! we've LA

Oh! think the delight of tv
Whom no dull decorums
Their error, how sweet, an
venial,
When once they've got

d, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty
ly cold-blooded jurors be tried,
ey can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my
beauty,
ıs long as we've LAW on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

LD, hold, my good Sir! go a little more
slowly;
'or, grant me so faithless a bride,
:h sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,
'o hope to have LAW on our side.

d you been a great Prince, to whose star
shining o'er 'em
'he people should look for their guide,
en your highness, (and welcome!) might
kick down decorum—
'ou'd always have LAW on your side.

ıre you even an old Marquis, in mischief
grown hoary
Vhose heart, though it long ago died,
the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
'ou still would have LAW on your side!

: for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of
troubles;
ly *my* advice therefore abide,
I leave the pursuit to those Princes and
Nobles
Vho have *such* a law on their side!

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS day a new House for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set;
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing
Chang'd [illegible] to *God save the King!*)
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever

Here offers you still the full use of his brea
Your devoted and long-winded proser
death!

You remember last season, when things w
perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse
One Mr. V—NS—TT—T, a good sort of pers
Who's also employ'd for this season to play
In "Raising the Wind," and "The Devil
Pay."
We expect too—at least we've been plotti
and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—
N—NG.
And, as at the Circus there's nothing attrac
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'tw
the acts,
If the Manager should, with the help of
P—PH—M,
Get up new *diversions*, and C—NN—NG sho
stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in
papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additio
"capers."
Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum,
sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to
had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weepi
will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he

And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
Traps and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y—RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find,
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager, PAT C—S-TL—R—GH.

THE SALE OF THE TOOl

—

Instrumenta regni.—*Tacitus.*

—

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you
men and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatev
trade is;
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*,—I dou
In that delicate service they're rath
out;
Though their owner, bright youth! if
his own will,
Would have bungled away with them
still.
You can see they've been pretty wel
—and alack!
What tool is there job after job will n
Their edge is but dullish, it must be c
And their temper, like E——NE'R
none of the best,
But you'll find them good hard-workin
upon trying,
Were't but for their *brass*, they are w
the buying;
They're famous for making *blinds*, *slia*
screens,
And they're some of them excellent
machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*,)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
'Tis ready to melt at a half minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest—
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem!*
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is your's, Sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a trice—
This implement, Ge'mmen, at first was a *Vice;*
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get;)

But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
God be with it, such Tools, if not quickly knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner—how much? why, a *Crown!*

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,
And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,

This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it,)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "THER LITTLE MAN, AND HE WOOED A MAID," DEDICATED TO THE RIG CH—RL—S ABB—T.

—

Arcades amb
Et *cant*-are pares.

—

THERE was a little Man, and he had
Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try,
"Whether it's within our reac
"To make up a little Speech,
"Just between little you and little I,
"Just between little you and littl
Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
I protest, little Man, you are stout, stou
"But, if it's not uncivil,
"Pray tell me what the devil
"Must our little, little speech be abo
"bout,
"Must our little, little speech be

The little man look'd big,
With th' assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul, to orde
order,
Till she fear'd he'd make her jo
To jail, like Thomas Croggan,

as she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her,
ward her, ward her,
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
"Little Soul, it is no joke,
For as sure as J—CKY F—LL—R loves a sup.
"sup, sup,
"I will tell the Prince and People
"What I think of Church and Steeple,
And my little patent plan to prop them up,
"up, up,
And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle,
tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little,
little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

——— Suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates
Hos cape fatorum comites.—*Virgil.*

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why
should we not,

As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him!
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare,
And, though they've been helping the French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.
C—STL—R—GH in our sieges might save some disgraces,
Being us'd to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places*;
And Volunteer C—NN—G, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*,
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H—TF—D at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Ch—f J—st—e make a *bold charge* at his side!
While V—NS—TT—T could victual the troops *upon tick*,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and [sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—G—T himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf:
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse*?

And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,
Like our brave Spanish allies, "unable to move,"*
Yet there's *one* thing, in war of advantage unbounded,
Which is that he could not with ease be *surrounded!*
In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment!
At present no more but—good luck to the shipment!

HORACE, ODE i. LIB. iii.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, oh Mob! as my Lady hates delf,
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And like G—DW—N, write books for young masters and misses.

* The character given to the Spanish soldiers, in Sir John Murray's memorable dispatch.

Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,
Even monarchs themselves are not free from [mishap,
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

* * * * * *

HORAT. LIB. i. ODE xxxviii.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.
Mitte sectari Rosa *quo locorum*
Sera moretur.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON. G—RGE R—SE.

Boy, tell the cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs and grim crack-
eries— [late—
Six by the Horse Guards!—old Georgy is
But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying.
At which of his places Old R—e is delaying!*

* * * * *

* The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, *erudite*, and flowery, note upon *Roses*, of which I can

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forc'd to resign,
That he never wore breeches, till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd [from mine.

merely give a specimen a present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi *rosâ fartum*," which from the odd mixture of words he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord Castlereagh's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if 'Rosa munda" mean "a Rose with clean hands" it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa *aurea*," which though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old* Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet "consenuisse Rosas." The whole note indeed shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they grav'd on his seal, was a child,
With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand.

Oh WELLINGTON! long as such Ministers wield,
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For while they're in the Council and you in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you!*

APPENDIX

TO

THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. *Page* 254.

ıONG the papers enclosed in Dr. D—G—N-
's Letter, there is a Heroic Epistle, in
in verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of
ch, as it is rather a curious document, I
ll venture to give some account. This fe-
e Pontiff was a native of England, (or,
ording to others, of Germany,) who, at an
ly age, disguised herself in male attire, and
owed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to
ıens, where she studied with such effect,
t, upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought
·thy of being raised to the Pontificate.
s Epistle is addressed to her Lover, (whom
had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal,)
n after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her
llibility was betrayed.
he begins by reminding him very tenderly
the time when they were in Athens—when

"By Ilissus's stream
Ve whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to
"speak
'he tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;—

"Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
"Dearest of men! that I should e'er be POPE!*
"That I—the humble Joan—whose housewife "art
"Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and "heart,
"(And those, alas! at sixes and at sevens,)
"Should soon keep all the keys of all the Hea-"vens!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

"Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave "decorum,
"And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
"Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
"That name should ever have been fix'd "upon!"

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—"Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quanquam!"

"But oh! more dear, more precious ten times
"over—
"Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
"I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah!
"Thou mad'st the Papa* of the World Mam-
"ma!"

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis!)
Emancipatus FOEMINÆ
Fert vallum!——

LETTER VII. *Page* 265.

THE Manuscript which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE BOOK"† of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was

* This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa or Universal Father.

† There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the

presented to Messers L—ck—ngt—n and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner —*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber* in C–rlt–n House—Enter the P——E R–G–T solus—After a few broken sentences he thus exclaims:

Away—Away—
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book!
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in ELD–N's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—RT—D's Spouse—
V—NS—TT—T's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—D—R's face!

Learned of that day—Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it: though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhorf Cap. de Libris damnatis)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "à tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

* The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons, at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs-de-lys*.

While, turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*) I find, ah wretched elf!
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*)
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words "*Wife neglected*"—"*the Book*"—"*Wrong Measures*"—"*the Queen*"—"*Mr. Lambert*"—"*the* R—G—T."

Ha! treason in my House!—Curst words that wither
My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently*) what Demon brought you hither?
"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look,—(*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)
Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, Book—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are despatched, in different directions, for the L—d

CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—E—L—D, &c. &c. The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office"* The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——E!
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
"Worship my whiskers!" (*weeps*) not a knee was there
But bent and worshipped the Illustrious Pair,
That curl'd in conscious majesty! (*pulls out his handkerchief*) while cries
Of "Whiskers, whiskers" shook the echoing skies! [came,
Just in that glorious hour, methought there
With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging to her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!

* "To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour." (*A loud laugh.*)—*Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice Chancellor's Bill.*

The matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung, (*wipes his eyes*) collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose. (*weeps.*)
Heav'ns, how it blaz'd! I'd ask no livelier fire,
(*With animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!
But ah! the Evidence—(*weeps again*) I mourn'd to see,
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods! the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, whiskers, wig soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past One" and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—G—T (who has been very

much agitated during the recital of the dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held, all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—G—T for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with an unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers, but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to prison.

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad:
Yet go—for thoughts as blessed as the air
Of Spring or Summer flowers, await you there.

Thoughts such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few lov'd ones Heaven has plac'd it near,
Nor cease, till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The Pride that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The scene next changes to a Tailor's Workshop, and a fancifully arranged groupe of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, etc. that lie about—They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straiten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P——E (and a fig for his railers)
The Shop-board's delight! the Mecænas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
But his *short* cut to fame is—the cut of his coat.

Philip's Son thought the World was too small
for his Soul, [ton hole!
While our R—G—T's finds room in a lac'd but-
Derry down, etc.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those who go loose—
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best fitted P—E about town!
Dery down, etc.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits

(which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honour'd Colonel—my WIFE who's the QUEEN
of all slatterns,
NEGLECTED to put up the BOOK of new Patterns,
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too—shamefully wrong—
They're the same us'd for poor MR. LAMBERT.
when young;
But, bless you! they would'nt go half round
the R—G—T—
So, hope you'll excuse your's till death, most
obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—G—T resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

CONTENTS.

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Page.

Preface 7

LETTER I.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy ——, of Clonskilty, in Ireland 11

LETTER II.

From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to the Lord Viscount C——h 18

LETTER III.

From Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard ——, Esq. 23

LETTER IV.

From Phelim Connor to —— 30

LETTER V.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy —— 35

LETTER VI.

From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to his brother Tim. Fudge, Esq. Barrister at Law . . . 44

LETTER VII.

From Phelim Connor to —— 53

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard ——, Esq. 61

LETTER IX.

From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to the Lord Viscount C—st—gh 70

LETTER X.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy ——

LETTER XI.

From Phelim Connor to —— . . .

LETTER XII.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy ——

Notes . . . . . .

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

Lines on the death of Mr. P—rc—v—l .

Fum and Hum the two Birds of Royalty .

Lines on the death of Sh—r—d—n . .

Epistle from Tom Crib to Big Ben . .

M. P. OR THE BLUE-STOCKING . . .

INTERCEPTED LETTERS; OR, THE T PENNY POST-BAG.

LETTER I.

From the Pr—nc—ss Ch——e of W——s to the Lady B—rb—a A—shl—y . .

LETTER II.

From Col. M'M—h—n to G——ld Fr—n-c—s L—ckie, Esq. . . . .

LETTER III.

From G. R. to the E—— of Y—— . .

LETTER IV.

From the Right Hon. P—tr—ck D—g—n to the Right Hon. Sir John N—ch—l .

LETTER V.

From the Countess Dowager of C—— to Lady —— . . . .

CONTENTS.

Page.

LETTER VI.

.bdallah, in London, to Mohassan, in
ahan 261

LETTER VII.

Iessrs. L–ck–gt–n and Co. to ———
]. 265

LETTER VIII.

'olonel Th—m—s to —— ——, Esq. 268

TRIFLES.

urrection of the Papers . . 275
of a celebrated Letter . . . 277
ontic to a Plumassier . . . 284
s from the Diary of a Politician . 286
n 287
rack and his Idols 288
my Thought like? 290
n . . . . . ib.
s for the Ministers . . . . ib.
n 293
, Ode xi. Lib. ii. . . . . ib.
, Ode xxii. Lib. i. 297
n 300
uinting Poetess . . . . . ib.
——— . . . . . ib.
w Costume of the Ministers . . 301
ondence between a Lady and Gentle-
n, upon the Advantage of (what is
led) "having *Law* on one's Side" 304
nal Address for the Opening of the
v Theatre of St. St—ph—n . . 306
le of the Tools 309
Ian and Little Soul 312
cements for Lord Wellington . . 313

CONTENTS.

	Page
Horace, Ode i. Lib iii.	31
Horat, Lib. i. Ode xxxviii.	31
Impromptu	31
Lord Wellington and the Ministers . .	31
Appendix	32

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME